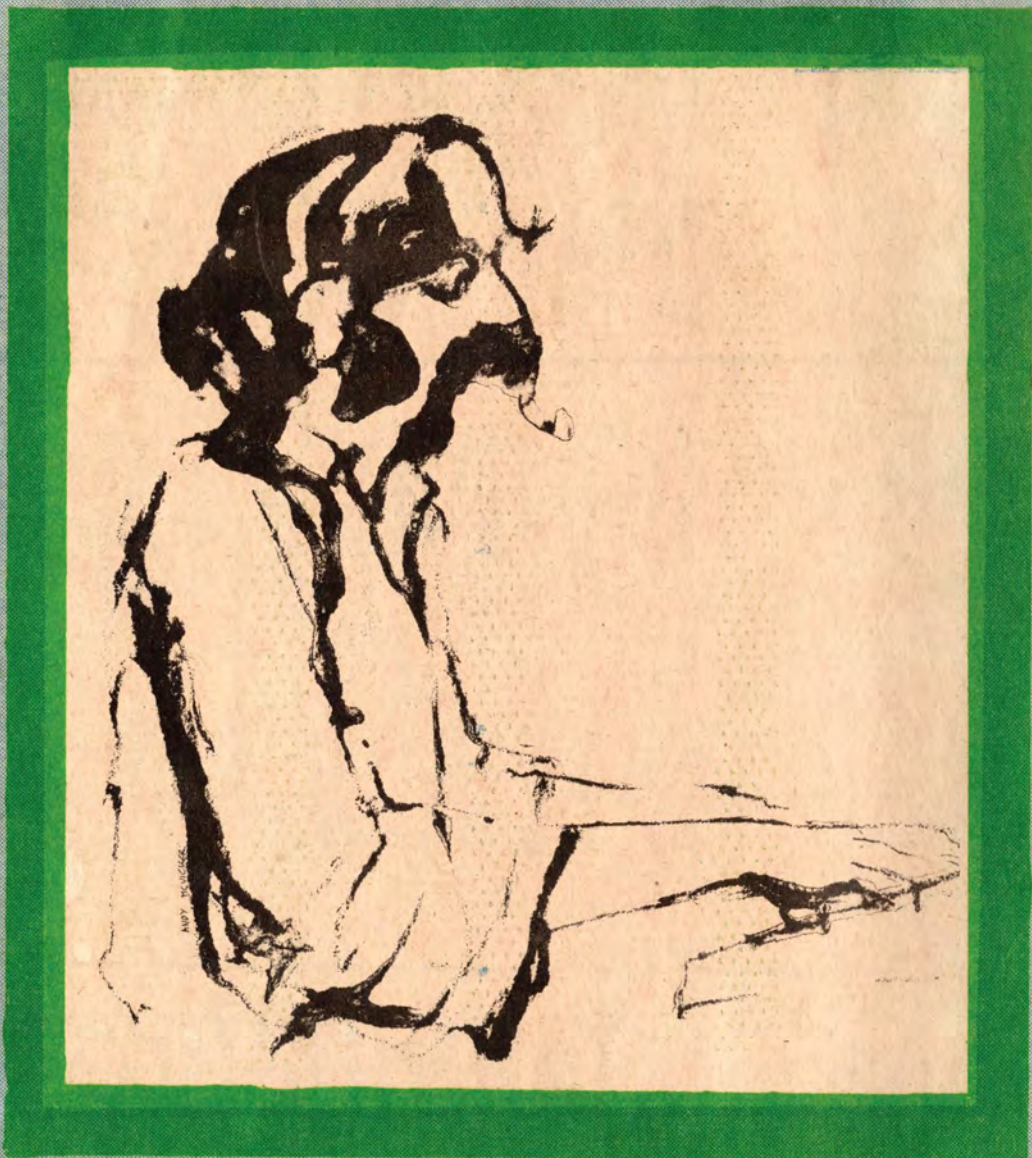


LOGOS



VOLUME 2 NUMBER 3

AUGUST



35¢ ELSEWHERE



Rock is mysticism, revolution, communion, salvation, poetry, catharsis, eroticism, satori, total communication, the most vibrant art form in the world today.

Basically an American art form, rock is a global link as young people everywhere plug into and add to the form.

Some cute writer has coined rock "the music of the electric generation". While this classifies rock nicely, it doesn't explain the process or the primary messages rock emits. Rock is a way of life for an entire generation. It reflects and creates behavior patterns, life patterns, attitudes and a way of organizing life, thinking and assumptions about oneself and one's environment. Like all patterns, rock has order (regularities governing changes in meaning), congruence (the pattern of patterns), form and content. The form is basically tactile (can you feel it?) and audial. Visuals have increased with the advent of light shows and films which now accompany rock acts.

Rock is mass communication. It is produced and distributed widely in large numbers. This allows the form to grow very quickly. Rock can go through changes in one year that it took jazz ten years and classical music a century to undergo.

The form pays dues to electronic technology in many ways. Electronic instruments and amplifiers allow for new ranges in sound. Improved tape and recording techniques open up entire new fields of musical experimentation: from the Beatles' eight-track tape overlays to the use of the Moog synthesizer to the act of studio creation as practiced by Van Dyke Parks. John Cage is still whistling in the dark compared to the stuff Frank Zappa has produced.

While the form reflects changes in the technological environment, it also expresses the changes that have occurred in perception, ways of thinking, feeling and values. While this will be gone into detail later, it is important to remember that rock is tuned into the NOW, the immediate, ultimate present which reinforces the profound rock experience.

Unlike many other art forms, rock is more emotional than intellectual. It is a cosmic sound which grows and fills up all available space shattering the space between, breaking through all spacial boundaries, driving people from their heads into their bodies. Is it any wonder that older people, intellectual, cerebratory and celibate, scream

with pain "turn off that noise" at their children whose entire beings pulsate to rock? The music is kinetic, dynamic, all encompassing. Taken in large doses it becomes habit forming. It is capable of producing new concepts of reality.

Rock is subversive because it is a visible denial of the tight-assed, puritanical little pleasure wades; the Sunday family picnic concept of pleasure. Today's children want to plunge into the stream of life, to picnic every day and to sensually suck every drop of pleasure from every minute.

LIFE-STYLE HISTORY In 15 years rock has evolved into a life style: meaningful play for a culture of leisured non-specialists. It is a synergetic force that has expanded into a fashion, literature, big business (record companies, production, promotion, advertising, recording and arranging all handled by young people), artistic photography and layout (posters, album jackets and advertising), politics, ethics: a total life drenched in sensual music (radio car stereo, high fidelity systems, earphones, tape cassettes and reels, etc.). Our generation identifies with the music and our own beings. We sing, dance, blow our minds, create new heroes and myths and learn to be, now.

I first plugged into rock in 1956. What a different world it was back then! Alan Freed, a non DJ of the day, was spreading the gospel of rock over New York City on his nightly show. The 45 rpm disc cost 98¢ and you were lucky if you could get to play the record on your parents machine. I was lucky. My parents owned a restaurant complete with juke box stocked with all the best selling rock. Since the restaurant served a large number of high school students and black people, a good selection of R&B and early rock filled my head. What a great change from the likes of Rosemary Clooney, Theresa Brewer, Vic Damone and Frankie Lane.

Some argue that Alan Freed was the person who coined the term "rock and roll". Whether he did or not is secondary to the fact that he was probably the single most influential person who popularized the rock form. At that time, rock was a primitive mixture of rhythm and blues and country and western. The former is exemplified by Little Richard, Ivory Joe Hunter, LaVerne Baker, Bo Diddley, Chuck Berry, the Coasters, the Clo-

ers, Clyde McPhatter and the Drifters. The western roots can be seen in Elvis Presley, Buddy Holly, the Everly Brothers, Carl Perkins, Jerry Lee Lewis, Roy Orbison.

These artists layed down a primitive, aggressive, rhythmic sound with a heavy beat which contrasted to the pop of the day and appealed to young people. Here was a music they could call their own: it had volume, drive, a restlessness, an image (the leather-jacketed, sullen James Dean look as compared with the button-down mond of the Eisenhower era) and most important, it was performed by young people, themselves. What could reinforce this feeling better than outraged parents and older people who loudly protested the vulgarity of this scandalous new music. Their protest, alone, was enough to ensure the survival of a music young people needed so desperately.

But let's remember--the only reason rock survived was because it was profitable. A few people like Alan Freed realized the artistry of rock. Freed played a great deal of the original R&B numbers (rather than the white cover versions), staged the first live rock shows in the country, and did his best to promote the fledgling form. An ungrateful music industry turned on Freed as a scapegoat several years later during the payola scandals and hounded him to an early death after ritually killing him to pacify an "outraged public".

There were very few other people who realized what was happening. When record businessmen realized they had a new product that sold, they rushed out and grabbed the first Italian kid from Philadelphia they could lay their hands on (Frankie Avalon, Fabian, Bobby Rydell, Chubby Checker?); got a band or studio group who knew how to play two or three chords; commissioned a 57-year-old hack songwriter to ground out mindless lyrics like "I love you/yes, I do/you know it's true/just me 'n' you"; recorded the conglomerate keeping royalties and giving the profits to publishing companies, promo men and other non-productive middlemen. The result was an instant hit, super-sound, chartbusting single called "Rock and Roll is Here to Stay" by Danny and the Juniors.

The music quickly became controlled, atonal, monotonous, super-straight, WASPish and profitable. The form was produced and packaged at every level by old people who

continued on page twelve



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Change is the word: change flowing like the river. Aigrams are very restricting but are much more reliable to get through because the petty clerks in Eastern Post Offices happen to be stamp collectors and anything else.

Kathmandu's not a very big place - really more like a small town with a population of about 10,000. In ten minutes, you are out of town and walking in the countryside which is really beautiful, very clear air, surrounded by mountains. We live in a very nice house on the edge of town, very near the Bagmati river. Many times around sunset (sometimes sunrise) we cross the little footbridge and walk out to Swayambu, a 2000 year old Buddhist temple on top of a hill. We walk across the paddy fields and through a few villages which are yet another world.

On the way, we pass Tibetians weaving. The children call out "Bye Bye" very musically. Soon we get to the bottom of the holy hill and we walk around it, like the Tibetians as they repeat their mantras and count their beads.

All along the road are holy trees, graves of holy men, stones with Tibetan script. I can recognize one: the seed syllable "Hum" which is the quintessence of the five wisdoms.

I happen to recognize it because I read a book which devoted about 100 pages to explaining (in a fundamental way) this one syllable.

We came around the hill which is covered by trees and inhabited by monks and came to a tea house where some Europeans were seated and we joined them for Chillum. There are about one hundred freaky Europeans here. Some of them very high and interesting. We mainly keep to ourselves having by now learnt that communications with the "natives" is greatly limited by language (it is usually the worst people who speak English).

There is a heavy drug scene here: hash, grass are sold in government shops. Meth and other things can be had at the pharmacy and the "Doc" is always willing to shoot you up with morphine or heroin. In addition, there is opium, bhang, acid, mescaline, psilocybin, STP, and some other way out things. There are many worlds just here.

Often I go to the King Lesar, a Tibetan restaurant living room where I listen to eight finger Eddie (said by some to be enlightened) who is about 45 years old.

Often these people just make music with drums, flutes, bells, etc. Or sometimes I go to the Cabin which has the latest sounds on tape while the pipe is passed around.

Food here is not bad - steak with vegetables and potatoes for twenty cents but I don't eat so much meat anymore. Tibetan and Chinese food is good - Thukpa Mo-Mo, Chow Mein all for about 20¢.

Letter from Kathmandu

For our room we pay about 17¢ a day and it's nice too, with a desk.

Not too far from Town is the King's Forest reserve which is a nice place to go and watch deer, monkeys, peacocks, birds, and listen to the sounds of the forest. I think I could stay here forever. There are no less than five libraries here with some very way out books.

But the streets are not paved, there are no sewage systems so when the monsoons come, everything floods and all the shit floats around and you have to wade in deep-shit mud. It's very unhealthy. Hepatitis, hookworm, etc., are not hard to get.

I came across a Time magazine or Newsweek and it blew my mind. I can't believe it; it must be some kind of joke. Then this guy from Berkley flew here and he was still full of tensions and vibrations of his anxious environment. So we told him to get lost with his talk of revolution and power: "Everything power: everywhere power".

It was hard to envision a long detailed article about the East because I have seen too much. To remember it all. My original outline has gone by the wayside but you can fill in the gaps. A story on the East should include:

Part One: How We Were Poisoned In Morocco

Part Two: How The Children Were Raped In A Persian Garden

Part Three: Deported By The Sadist (redundant) Istanbul Police

Part Four: The Speed Freak And The Afghan Riding On A Camel

Part Five: How To Score Ten Kilos On The Khyber Pass

Part Six: Bastardization Of The Hippies In India (Also Known As The Transients Of Love).

It's just another colouring book.

A newspaper from India recently wrote an article that all of the hippies were illegitimate children sent to India because they are not wanted in the west.

And there's much more where all of this comes from. Love to all.



This invention of yours will create forgetfulness in the learners' souls because they will not use their memories...they will appear to



Can you spot the druggist from Toledo?



My brand is Fruit of the Loom.

"Will the real CIA please stand up?"

NEED HELP GETTING UP?

How about those Kookie nudists?

"I couldn't take a chance on hiring someone who's mentally retarded."

DUE TO A LACK OF INTEREST TOMORROW HAS BEEN CANCELLED.

"The main thing is not to take it personal."

Sounds ridiculous, doesn't it?

But what if everybody in this country were to throw their hands up in despair and say they don't give a hoot?

Indeed there would be no tomorrow.

But fortunately, Americans have a way of solving these problems.

And that's just what's going to happen in these troubled times.

You can help.

Take a minute and think about a U.S. Savings Bond.

No, it isn't an immediate remedy for all our ills. But it helps.

If everybody were to buy just one \$25.00 Savings Bond (cost \$18.75), your country would be stronger economically to wipe out some of those scars we've been sporting.

And of course, you'd have quite a nice nest egg for yourself one of these days.

You'd have a lot more dollars in the kitty for things like college educations, that new car, secure retirement.

So think about a U.S. Savings Bond today.

And then go out and buy one. Tomorrow.

WARHEAD ALARM

Take stock The American Revolution... in America has only just begun

THE EXECUTION IS DIFFERENT, BUT THE CONCEPT IS BASICALLY THE SAME

BUT THE COMPUTER SAID YOU'D SLEEP WITH ME

THIS COMPARISON BY H. BELL & H. H. D.

Keep AMERICA beautiful.

There is not a garbage dump in Chicago which is not diligently hounded by the hungry. Last summer, there were a hundred people a day coming to one of the dumps...digging in it with sticks and hands.

JOE KOUS

JEAN HARLOW

JOHN L. LEWIS

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

BENNY GOODMAN

ADLAI STEVENSON

JOHN F. KENNEDY

JOHN F. KENNEDY

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We'd like to thank all the guys who helped make America possible. or: PRUNES TO MISSILES



BEAUTIFUL

The greatest show on the moon.

Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm

AFTER BREAST SURGERY

Buy U.S. Savings Bonds & Freedom Shares

When a stock splits, should I be happy or sad?

A nuts-and-bolts approach to rebuilding human bodies

A SINCERE APOLOGY TOO, MAYBE?

Why not ride on our reputation? We do!

THE ORIGIN OF EVERYTHING

REAGAN FOR PLAYMATE!

...drug sales would more than double.



does the President's Council On Physical Fitness recommend all this?

American Land Title Association

Published by the Cuban Revolutionary Government

examine every aspect of LSD...

If you can't decide what to do next, turn to page 13

ESCAPE-LADDER

AROMTL SCAN 2021



Freeform human challenge seeking out a particle of truth; finding a truth, an inner reality, and challenging its source. The film is the most impractical means of communication; it is void of reality; actors/scenery, cameras/celluloid transposing human energy into frequency and visual pattern distortions -- light patterns focusing on an emulsified silver-coated canvas. It is a lie: people partaking in the lives of others. It is a truth. There is no difference. We're all alive. We're all people.

The ideal is to release the human from any social inhibitions. To become free to each other. Say and live and breathe and exact from each other what we are. To be real people. Not characters. Not images. The ideal is a film with people on both sides of the camera being real. Not necessarily themselves. Maybe others. But transferring the human emotion from the celluloid to the viewer. It is then that films become more than a form of communication: they become a part of reality. It is only at the time of the liberated cinema that films become an important vehicle.

The "underground cinema" is not of the underground. It is the cinema of no form. The concepts are vacuous and the desire of the filmmaker and the actors to be a part of the larger sense of time is supplanted by the free form which negates the inner need to offer an alternative. This kind of freeform is free only in the sense that it is undirected, unacted, and uncontrolled; there is no need, desire, or willingness to be a part of a more global concept of people.

society

The need for social revolution and turmoil lives with us in the constant flux of days and nights. At best, the reaction of man to nature is the very root of society. True social mobility requires the constant destruction of society so that we can live in transcending patterns of hours and trials.

In 1924, Erich Von Stroheim transposed the novel McTeague into a living study. "Greed" showed the human ritual of seeking more, and man's destruction of freedom by ever-increasing desire. Unfortunately, most of "Greed" will never be seen. M.G.M., exemplifying their own greed, cut it up and edited it to make it more commercially profitable. "Greed" depicts one man's desire to achieve a sense of power and control, a man in search of an ideal. But the man's reality is dominated by the twisted logic of a corrupt society. Von Stroheim shows that if there is to be any change at all it must be in the society, not only in one single man: for the man is merely the tool of broad social forces.

If ever there was a cinema movement for change, it came from the early Russian filmmakers, whose missionary zeal gave them the concept of a soviet reality throughout the world, a reality of men no longer beaten slaves. But their desire to propagate revolution became reduced to powerful and moving films on the Russian reality and not too much else.

"Look Back in Anger", one of Tony Richardson's early films (with Richard Burton), is in the same spirit. In a country with an aristocracy, the upsurge of those who work is slow if the barriers are encrusted with centuries of inherited social status, tradition, and servility. Those who are angry would be just as upset with power; they are revolting against the purposelessness of their lives. This piece of celluloid shook the stagnating Britain of the fifties, demanding that people be put into motion.

In "Alexander Nevsky", under limitations imposed by the state, Eisenstein faced the practical need to arouse the people to the terror of the threatened Nazi invasion. But in the process he spoke of the terror inside the Soviet state of Stalin. He chose to communicate with his

audience in the most harsh way. The visual terror in the climactic scene, when soldiers advancing against the defenders of the oppressed cross an ice-covered river, is captured in the slow breaking of the ice and the soldiers falling prey to the forces of nature. It is practical emotion; it evokes a sense of shock that the audience enjoys in spite of its fear.

When there is a necessity for change, for the filmmaker to rely solely on films would be a tragic error. A filmmaker has to be in the streets; a filmmaker has to be freaked by the impending reality of a people taking their dilemma to its logical conclusion. The essence of change is motion.

Hollywood gave birth to the phenomenon: the film as protector of society. The status quo remains unchallenged by the Hollywood movie because it is not in Hollywood's financial interest to challenge. However filmmakers in other countries too have found it easier and less risky to embrace society as it stands.

Hollywood's stories are plausible (so what?), but the reality they deal with is a piece of filmy polyethylene covering a piece of shit to make it look more attractive. Middle class phenomena are cliché; and to live in the chain of words no longer meaningful is a disease. But the admen live off this attitude (the ad for the soundtrack of "Goodbye Columbus" reads: "You can buy this record if you want to").

"Goodbye Columbus": A young man, drop-out but not too good at it, falls in love with a rich chick, fucks her, gets caught, and they split up: "How can I tell my parents?" Are we dead? By what fluke does this approach to reality come to exist? What influence do changes in society have on a dirty Doris Day-Rock Hudson movie? The formulas for "The Graduate" and "Goodbye Columbus" were the same -- except "The Graduate" talked in riddles and "Goodbye Columbus" just spouts horseshit. These films deliberately fail to say anything; they are like the often-replayed old sportscast of Ike sinking a birdie.

"Paris Nous Appartient" ("Paris Belongs to Us") tells of Paris at the end of the Fourth Republic, during the Algerian war; of the conspiracy of the secret army and of the people involved with it. But the hero remains frustrated in the end, by his own and his friends' apathy; and the viewer is left in a world of shifting ambiguous values, a kind of earthly hell.

The Russian film, "The Cranes are Flying", dispenses with the need for change and asks only that the society be liberalized. It offers no remedy, because, as it says, there is no problem. That too is valid, but the Russians, and all other established governments, neglect that not everyone is happy under them.

All these films, if they convey anything, state that society is not so good because of man. But they neglect the opposite of this proposition, and thus fail to offer a complete truth. They tell us that man is inherently unaware and imply that to make him aware is unnatural, whether by means of harangues or by showing alternatives. Films that do show an awareness, such as "If", show us characters who are willing to act on this awareness: even in the mental prison of this film, the consciousness of freedom spurs the students on to rebellion.

But awareness is not only awareness of bondage and desire for freedom. The CBC graphics department speaks of another kind of change: active process. Unfortunately it falls short because of the cowardice of those who hold power -- but the media will be open.

FI
FO
SEN

HIPPIE SHOT BY
DOPE-CRAZED MAYOR

Biloxi, Miss. (KKK) At four this morning in the suburbs of Biloxi, Steve Swineheart, 18, was found in a crumpled ball in the corner of Lizzie Flagg's, 14, sensually furnished bedroom, the victim of a 14 calibre rifle, aimed by Biloxi's mayor, Lizzie's father, John Z. Flagg. The poor mayor was suffering from the effects of a gigantic dose of LSD with which young Swineheart had tried to poison him. An immediate autopsy was performed revealing the cause of Swineheart's death -- a bullet in the Medulla Oblongata. Biloxi's magistrate has decided, after listening to a board of psychiatrists, that the mayor was so emotionally provoked by the circumstances of the event that it was virtually impossible for him not to murder the little pervert. The mayor will resume his official duties after a well earned vacation in San Juan, Puerto Rico, where he is presently recovering from his bad trip.

POP GOES JESUS

Jesus was cited hovering over Atlantic City yesterday in anticipation of that legendary resort's most awaited moment. A popular music festival featuring some of America's most illustrious groupies will be held there on August 1, 2, and 3. In addition, a most solemn pageant depicting the rise and decline of western civilization and portraying the entire gamut of human emotions from Little Richard to the Iron Butterfly.

Also, Woodstock, the moving pop festival last cited leaving Walkill, New York will materialize on August 15, 16, and 17 as soon as it finds a new location, perhaps in a secluded cabin outside of Oklahoma City. Slated to appear are the Band representing harmony and the Iron Butterfly representing dissonance. A switchblade fight pitting Joan Baez against Ravi Shankar is one of the festival's eagerly awaited firsts.

"Anarchos" vies for power with SDS, SDS overthrows PLP, ASU usurped by SPFL, LNS divided by power play. Enough bullshit ego games and meaningless disagreements! That's how wars get started.

The country surrounds the city. The back country surrounds the country. From the masses to the masses. The most revolutionary consciousness is to be found among the most ruthlessly exploited slaves: animals, trees, water, air, crabs.



The August WIN is a special double issue about Ecology: a radical perspective on man's relationship with the natural world that surrounds him. Contributors include Paul Goodman, Allen Ginsberg, Lewis Herber, Keith Lamp, Red Power leader Nawena Tawani Shouah, Gary Snyder and Kerry Thornley, and Smokey the bear. Reports on the ecological crisis and attempts to forge new life styles from New Mexico, Vermont, Berkeley and the Mekong Delta. So pick your favorite riverside and dig the August WIN. Revolution may just be spelled E-C-O-L-O-G-Y.

☐ I enclose 50 cents. Please send me the special August issue of WIN.

☐ I enclose \$3 for a six-month trial subscription, beginning with the special August issue of WIN.

☐ I enclose \$5 for a full year's subscription. I get the special August issue FREE.

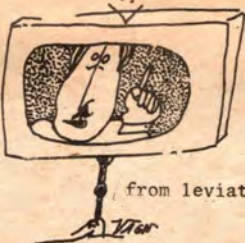
Name _____
Address _____
WIN Magazine 339 Lafayette St.
New York 10012

SERIOUS NEWS

On Friday, June 27 Richard Milhous Nixon made a grand appearance, in typical style, at Man & His World, Montreal's eternal World's Fair. Typical of the democratic spirit in which he was elected President of the United States, Nixon managed to snuff out and ignore even potential signs of dissent. This was done by "temporarily detaining" (in jail) over 30 people who happened to be at Expo that Friday, including every black man and every long haired type with slightly shabby clothes. It brings to mind Nixon's speech of early April in which he stated that the American soldier has never fought more bravely or with more patriotism than in the Viet Nam war.

(LB). For the last three years Caesar Chavez, a Mexican/American immigrant worker, has led a heroic battle against the fascist hyenas who own the vineyards of California. Support the ideals (not the symbols) of Buddha, Christ, Gandhi, King, and Chavez. Striking for enough wages to enable the grape picker's children to finish grade school and high school and wear shoes, to obtain sanitary living conditions, and to have his followers recognized as a union. Chavez hasn't lagged in non-violent spirit for three years. On coming Saturdays, picket Dominion and other chain stores that still sell California grapes - call 523-2147 for more info.

WE INTERRUPT THIS PROGRAMME TO ANNOUNCE THAT THE MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR ASKS ALL PERSONS TO AVOID THE CENTRE OF TOWN WHERE THE AUTHORITIES ARE HOLDING DISCUSSIONS WITH STUDENTS



Dear Logos,

With so much lying and hate and poison in the world, it is joyful to find a paper with a loving attitude, truthful even when truth is so depressing now. End of the world - it is all around, so important to tell everyone yet present a more than "viable" alternative. That's what you do - and so pretty to look at! I would like to help to tell.

Sixteen, and couldn't wait till through college and high school to join the revolution, couldn't do it on weekends. So I dropped out NOW, tried (am trying) to reeducate myself NOW. I live in a commune in Brooklyn with seven other people trying the same thing, reeducation I mean. When I moved away from the uppermiddleclass town I had always lived in, my mother was sure I'd be moving back. My father told me if I didn't finish high school I'd wind up as a dishwasher in Sausalito California. Both of them are miserable people.

We live in a slum, we are white. The neighborhood is third world and curious (yellow and black and brown and). Are you a hippie? Yeah, kind of. Do you go to loveins? Sometimes. Can I go to one? Where are they? A lot in Central Park - but why don't you come visit us and talk about it? The kids play the drums that were in Mark's old apartment when he moved in. They jump on the big pillow shaped like an alligator that Michael made. They watch me cook - what's in that brown bottle? Vanilla. Wanna smell? mmmmmmmmm. When a nearly broken radio was taken we were sad - then it was returned fixed! Yippee!

But I am only me. Sometimes I am we, but until I am ALWAYS, all I can do is just keep examining and changing. Lets help each other. PLEASE!!

Love,
Ellen

OWSLEY BLASTS OFF

The United States and the world were shocked this morning when it was learned that a previously unpublicized moon excursion by a California scientist known to the world only as "Owsley", was actually the first lunar mission to obtain a sample of the moon's surface. The only information available to the world are the notes in Owsley's charts and logs, which are presently indecipherable. Apparently Owsley ceased his experiments upon retrieval of the sugar cube sized sample from his unmanned, computer-controlled space craft. A team of doctors at Esalen Institute, in the Big Sur, are now working with Owsley on what they have termed the "hallucinogenic properties of Beta 5069" (moon dust). At a brief press conference this morning Owsley could only say, "Oh MAN, sniff it!"

REVIEWS

Famous Anecdote #1: So's your old Man!

"The streets of our country are in turmoil. The universities are filled with students rebelling and rioting. Communists are seeking to destroy our country. Russia is threatening us with her might. And the republic is in danger. Yes, danger from within and without. We need law and order! Yes, without law and order our nation cannot survive... We shall restore law and order." Adolf Hitler, Hamburg, Germany, 1932 (reprinted from Chicago Seed.)

Famous Anecdote #2: Your mother's fat salami!!

GAY POWER

(LNS & Village Voice) The new cry in New York City isn't "Black Power" or "Soul Power" or "Rock Power" or "Flower Power". The new cry is "Gay Power". In early July gay New Yorkers had their own "Peoples Park" at Kew Garden's, a suburb of New York City. Gay power lost that round to the local vigilante group and their chain saws with which they destroyed every tree in Kew Garden's homosexual park. But about two weeks later trouble erupted again - this time in the city itself, as the latently homosexual NYPD once again decided to wipe out the psycho-sociological phenomenon of flaming homosexuality by arresting transvestites at the Stonewall Inn in Sheridan Square. But liberation has mushrooming inertia and the queens weren't so easily put down in the city as they were in the suburbs. Retaliation to the arrests ranged from fires and barricades to gay cheerleaders chanting: "We are the Stone wall girls/ We wear our hair in curls/ we have no underwear/ we show our pubic hairs!" Will Madison Avenue cash in on "Gay Power"? Only your hairdresser knows for sure!!

CLASSYFLIES

CLASSIFIEDS: must be submitted before the 10th of every month. Rates: \$1.00 1st line, \$.50 each additional line. (one line is composed of forty units, including letters, spaces, and punctuation.)

A NEW LITERARY MAGAZINE is being formed (hopefully) in Montreal and we would appreciate manuscripts, poetry, prose in French or English. All submissions may be sent to 770-45th Avenue, Lachine, 610.

Nude female drawing models wanted. Name, Age & Phone No. \$5.00/hour. Want to subrent studio space on hourly or 1/2 day basis. Write PETROS, 4740 Barclay #8, MtL 252

ENVIRONMENTAL CANDLES. Phone Ian: 270-4240. 438 Villeneuve W. MtL.

If you feel compassion for the anguished martyrs of the computer smash-in at Sir George, show your support with a donation to the Feb. 11 Committee, P.O. Box 502, Station B, Montreal.

Have you got floor space in the kitchen, living room or bathroom? Put up young wanderers (crashers, if you like) and hear their strange stories. Call 845-2852 and leave your phone number and address.

Young man 23, would like to join/form commune in country, pref. farm. Not on religion/food trip. Would like good commune life with people. No special hang-ups/no special preferences. Tel: 761-5227. Ask for Carl.



The American Deserters Committee aids its heroic brothers resisting the atrocious war in Vietnam by finding them cheap and sometimes free housing and free food during the sometimes long and drawn out interim between their arrival in Canada and their acquisition of a working permit. A monetary or edible contribution, or the offer of crash space is a strong statement to make for peace. Call the A.D.C.: 521-4113.



Qualified veterinarian needed to perform abortion on dearly loved cow. Must have ability to empathize with bovine mentality. References. Lively weekends promised so right to BOX MOOOOOO, LOGOS.

Dog seeks home in the country. Ten month old terrier-wolfhound named Socrates. Very psychic, ideal companion for tripping, loves flowers. Call 273-4741.

Professional guy mid 20's seeks female to share accommodations. Has '69 car, color TV, pool, sauna and all that crap but lacks the companionship of an attractive chick with as few hangups as possible. If it's not one thing it's another but rather than give up entirely has elected to advertise. He's 6' 190 wants someone smaller. Vipers accepted. No barriers. Display your creative inclinations and write to "Box B-1" Logos P.O. Box 782 Montreal 101. DO IT NOW! Tell the truth. All answered.

Girls and guys with acting ability needed for film work. Location: St. Agathe. July/Aug. Room/Board provided. Tel 937-7818. Ask for Paul Quigley.

DENISE RACINE Please contact Ralph in Dorval.

BIG BIKE: '67 Norton Atlas, 750cc engine, just rebuilt. Fine machine, yours for just \$900.00 or so. Surprise the little woman. Call 322-6899 and leave message for CHARLIE.

SUBSCRIBE TO LOGOS:

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
Send to: Logos, P.O. Box 782 MtL, 101, P.Q. Canada: \$2.00 Elsewhere: \$3.00. Please enclose money.

DON'T TOUCH YOUR DIAL!

It's hard to exaggerate the effects of mass media on consciousness. In a technological society the media are the primary means of social control. In their present monolithic form, they are the greatest enemy of any kind of cultural pluralism. Instantaneous electric media, in particular, zap us right into the death trip of those who control them. Their's is a dying culture that views all humans as commodities. It is filled with a sexual guilt based on hatred of self and is preoccupied with bringing about its own violent destruction.

Paradoxically, it is due to our own life long exposure to monolithic electric media that we are able to view these in new ways. Those presently controlling radio and television were raised in a pre-electric age, inner directed environment totally different from our own. They are threatened by and insensitive to change, while we who have been raised with the new technology are not. We can no longer find security in that which is static, but are geared instead to process and constant flux. Electric media must now be viewed as a means to liberation rather than enslavement, as a source of life affirmation rather than denial, as a means to experience the realities of others rather than as an escape from reality, as consciousness expansion rather than drunkenness.

As of now, the one instantaneous medium where change is possible is FM radio. Technically inferior, AM radio is dominated by mindless people on plastic con trips and is financially impossible to break into. Television with all its potential, is almost completely resistant to change. Its primary function as the narcotic of the masses and its total control by the corporate structure can cause as program as bland and relatively inoffensive as "The Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour" to be scrapped without any second thoughts. Obviously a real change in television will be a long time in coming.

At the same time a youthful sensibility has given birth to new kinds of music which defy description and break down the boundaries which previously separated musical forms. Younger, hipper people for whom music is a way of life, not simply a means of exploiting a youth market have begun to control the production end of the recording industry. We today have grown too aware to accept the mindless shuck that the popular music industry has always been. The consequent revolution in long playing records and the incredible im-

pact of the new music made it clear that radio exposure of so-called "underground" music could be very profitable for the far sighted station owner. FM, which, with the advent of multiplex stereo experienced its first boom after a long history of hassles, was, in general most receptive and technically able to do the new rock the most justice. Predictably, most broadcasters failed to understand the nature of the revolution in music or the new lifestyles it reflected. They assumed that FM Rock would succeed as a duplication of the Top 40 AM format with best selling albums played in place of singles.

Before the advent of television, radio was the center of the North American home. All programs on the U.S. commercial networks were manufactured for the widest possible mass appeal. The CBC while on a somewhat higher level was also oriented toward general consumption.

With television's arrival, the radio medium appeared to be facing extinction. It saved itself by becoming a service medium, featuring news, weather, time, and background noise (sometimes called music). Control was decentralized and individual stations, while still in most cases parts of large chains, began programming locally rather than relying on networks. This formula is what most of us thought of as radio until quite recently. True, occasional modifications were made in this standard fare of mindwash, like phone shows (Hello, Brad, just a minute...lemme turn my radio down) but most of these were even worse than the drivel they replaced. True a good deal of fine music along with a lot of garbage) was played on fifties rock stations, but these were so poorly programmed, with repulsive d.j.'s ruining the records that most of us had to wait years before we realized how good these songs actually were.

There were only a handful exceptions to this deadly picture. One was a compulsive rapper in New York named Jean Shepherd. Looking back it becomes clear that Shepherd never really said anything that earthshaking, but to those of us who grew up in the fifties addicted to night time radio, he was a saviour, a veritable oasis, a beacon in a forest of despair. Shepherd was on the air for about four hours every night. During that time he played no records and had no guests. He would simply rap for four hours uninterrupted every fucking night. He'd talk about his boyhood in Illinois. He'd talk about chicks he'd known. He'd read endless newspaper clippings. He'd play the nose flute and thump his head. He'd go through all these things with a tongue-in-cheek philosophic resignation and a mild sarcasm. If you were in the eighth grade in 1957 in the range of WOR and were a convinced Shepherd freak, it would be very important for you to know if there was anyone else in your class into Shepherd rather than Frankie Avalon. Scrawl the word excelsior on a desk and if someone else picked up on it and said "Excelsior you fathead" you'd know there was still hope for the world. Shepherd was in some senses far ahead of everybody else in recognizing the possibilities of the radio medium. "Let's have a chick mill", he told his audience

sometime in the middle fifties "If you're a chick, come down to Washington Square Saturday afternoon and mill". Thousands showed up. Shepherd once began plugging a book that only he knew didn't exist. He called the book, "I Libertine". Thousands of bookstores in the thirty states and Eastern Canada, where the station's signal could be heard, were flooded for requests for the book. Eventually an enterprising publisher commissioned someone (not Shepherd) to write it. If nothing else then, Shepherd was a start.

As the first television generation grew older it became increasingly dragged by background noise bullshit radio. Television by the very nature of the medium and the way it effects the human sensorium, encourages involvement in and identification with the t.v. image. Once a kid begins to see through tv games (which doesn't take very long for kids zapped into the medium from infancy) they went off seeking other media environments in which to involve themselves. Kids of this generation are particularly difficult to con and generally seek more up front avenues of communication. Standard radio was, for reasons already explained, even more of a bring-down than television. The coming of age of the stereo LP and with it the new music brought us a good deal closer to a new environment but a more immediate medium was still obviously needed.

As good stereo systems became more common, hip people in their search for less dehumanizing media to plug into, began to discover the previously obscure area of FM radio. Up until the last few years and the advent of stereo, FM's audience were a relative handful. As a commercial market it was almost completely ignored. FM stations were in most cases owned by larger AM ones who kept them on the air to protect themselves in the event of a boom which was talked about for twenty years before it actually took place. Most of these stations either simulcasted AM programming or were into wall to wall Montovani crap (which is where FM in Montreal still is).

During the fifties in a number of larger U.S. cities parts of FM began to be seen as the domain of the intellectual, long disenfranchised from mass media. Such stations programmed much classical music (usually standards) some folk music and jazz and some talk programs, usually of the long winded academic variety.

Probably the most exciting thing on FM in the fifties was Pacifica Radio, which ac-

WE'LL BE BACK IN A MINUTE



I was just now talking with my friend Richard Stoneman about the subversiveness of what is so glibly called the "underground radio" scene. We listen to the radio consciously, i.e. we know what's being aired and we seek it out, and if the people who run the station aren't getting down then we call them up and tell them what's happening---and they listen to us because they want to find out, for whatever reason. The customer's always right, if only on that level. But there are stations that are different, where subversives are at work and they're in the business of turning people on to the cultural revolution in its various manifestations.

With these new radio people their consideration is the people who are listening to them on the air, and they're starting to realize that they have an awful responsibility to those people because the people don't have any other major access to the natural facts---the real thing. They depend on the radio people to hip them to the whole cultural scene: around the global village, what's happening on the music scene, who's in town, and like that. The people want to know who got busted when, where, and how, they want to know where they can get free medical care, housing, food, entertainment, materials, energies, whatever---just the things that are important to them, as everyday reality.

For those of us who read---a minority I'm sure--- the newspaper (this newspaper) fills in the details and expands the contest (visually too!) on a periodic basis, but the radio is on every minute and has a further possibility of absolute currency---the electric right now! And that's what we're trying to get at in our lives - the absolute quick of things, that will put us right on time and in the middle of the flow.

The radio is beginning to respond very precisely and very accurately to our needs, and we can start growing as a community because of it.

News gets around, as they say, and with the radio it gets where it needs to go. A sense of community is based on adequate and accurate communications between people of the community, whatever its geographical specifications. Our culture has needed radio for a long time and now we have it. Or at least we're in the process of getting it. But our own communications with the media have to improve, too, just as theirs have to, and are.

When you know some news and want people to know it, too, call the radio station and tell the people there what you know. Sometimes they might not listen to you, having heavy duties on their minds and shoulders, but I would say that mostly that you'll find someone listening to you and spreading your word if you're after the good of the community and not some wierdo ego trip.

That's our radio, but you know we aren't the only ones listening to it. By virtue of its very definition radio reaches thousands and thousands of people who have only to turn on their receivers, which are standard gear now in most homes and automobiles AM is next. Television is next. But with FM we have gone so much farther than with any of the print media---any of them. And we have the possibility of reaching lots of 'neutral' people who wouldn't otherwise become exposed to our culture except thru crazed articles in the kept press of the greed culture, Hippies and all that bullshit, which doesn't do anybody any good.

What we want is for these people, just as ourselves, to get the information now! The real news, of what's happening. We want them to know, so they can change too. No one can act without the specific information that would make such action possible. Remember that. It doesn't do any good to come down on somebody for his ignorance---let him know what's happening and he'll at least have a chance to do the right thing. Without the information he can't.

The radio provides the information in a super-direct and very entertaining form so it can't be missed. If only the music. The radio subverts them, because they have not been taught to grant the music its rightful and complete legitimacy as a prime term in their lives. Straight people have been taught that they are complete entities in complete control of their little lives, given a free will that permits them to choose what they want to effect them. They live in their heads and see the world thru their mind's eyes instead of their real eyes.

The vision is clouded by what's been shoved into their heads, and what they "think" is always more important to them than what's actually happening in the world. They'll do anything to preserve their illusions. In fact, to me that's precisely what makes the difference between someone who's down. Straight people have "...made up their minds" as to what will happen to them and their lives are then precisely regulated in terms of those decisions, in terms of what they "think" the world's all about. That's why they're so fucked up.

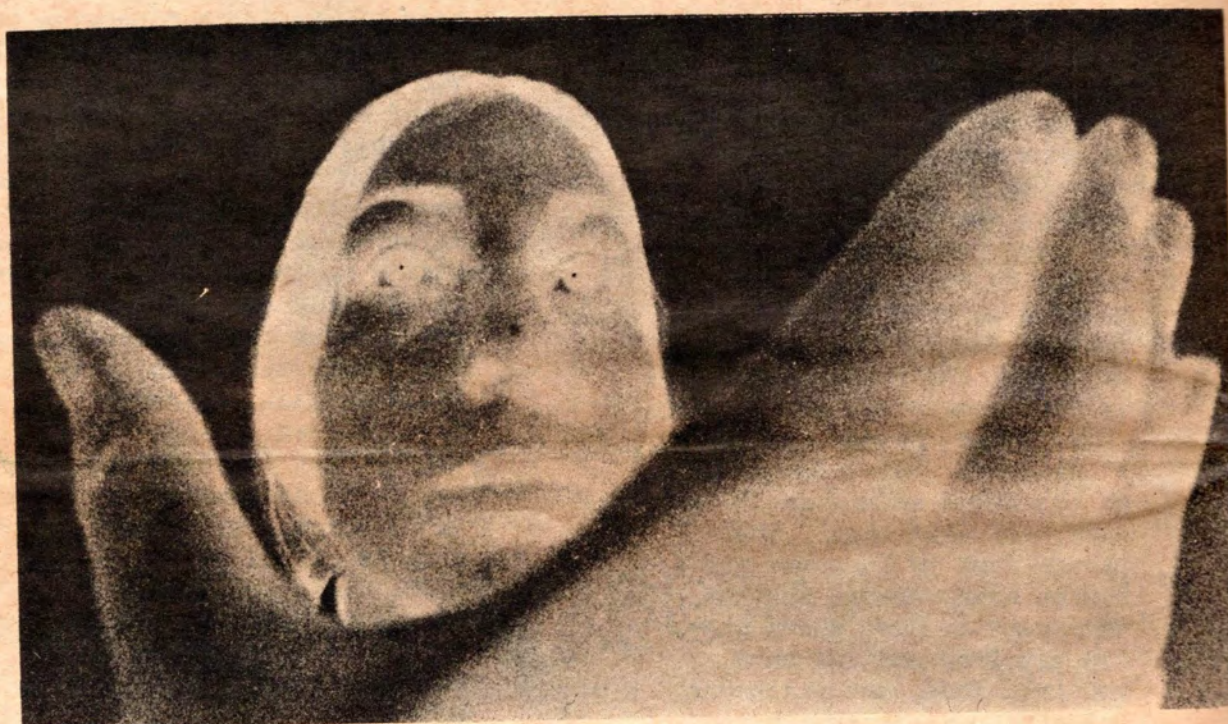
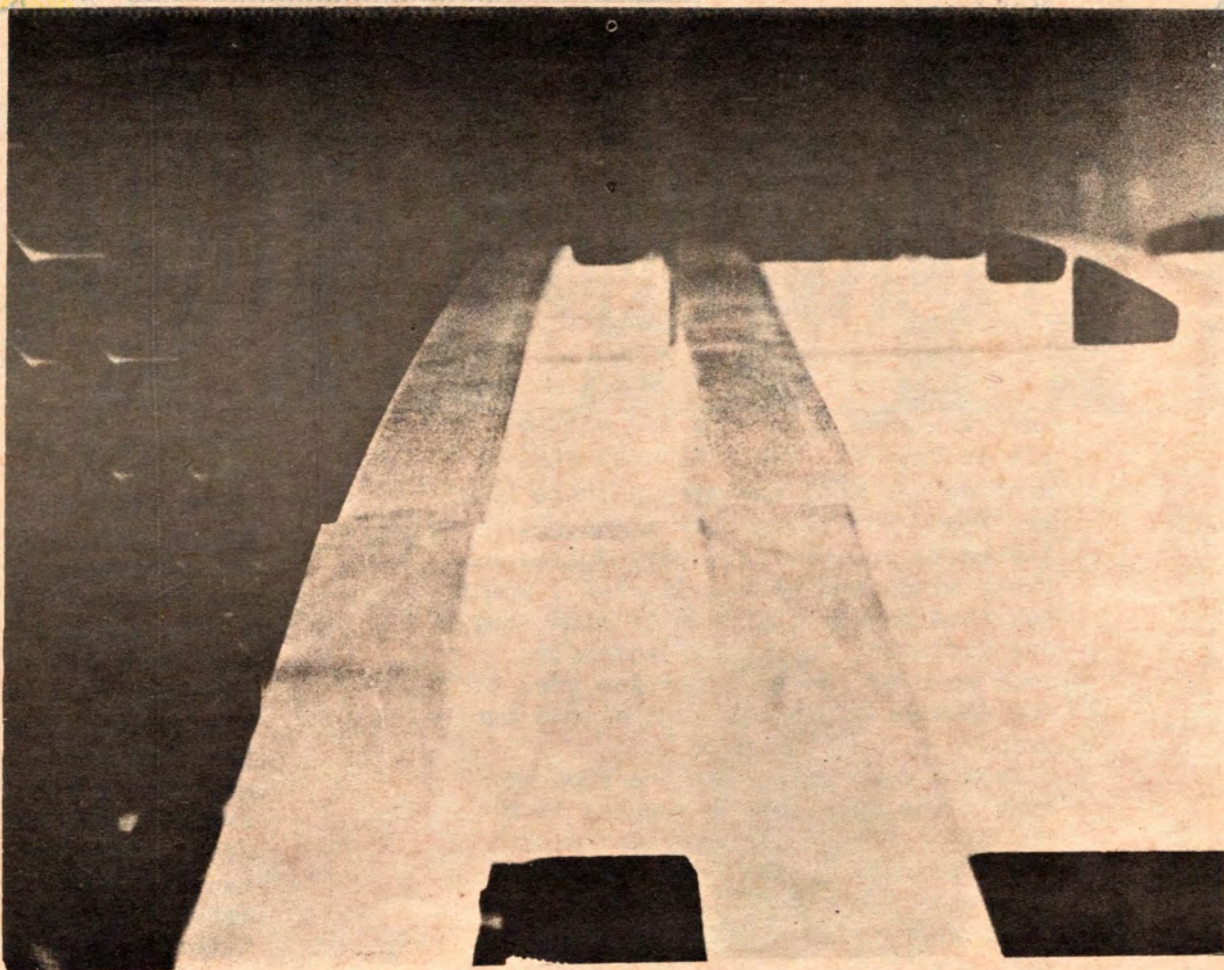
Actually, that's only "how" they are fucked up---why its that way is something else---. People are the way they are because their economy demands it. In order to maintain a consumer economy like America's, the people in power have to keep a strict brainwash on the other people so they'll keep doing all the stupid things that are necessary to a consumer scene. Information has to be strictly limited---you have power over someone when you control the information he receives. Huey P.

Newton said that "Power is the ability to define phenomena and make them act in a desired manner." What he meant was that when you can define the terms of a situation then you have a great deal of control over the outcome. Socrates knew this. Aristotle knew this. Plato knew this. That's how they were the fathers of western culture, because they demonstrated their method of obtaining power for the white man, by defining the world in words and symbols and pushing their version on the other people by seizing control of the priest-educator functions and running the only show in town. Monopoly capitalism, meaning if I've got the bread or the arms of the power in whatever form I can not only gain control of your life but I can control the information. And you can't catch me.

That's just what they think. But then again watch what they'll get for thinking. They should turn on and tune in to what's going down---they'd be a lot better off. I always feel better when I get off, don't you? Then you can take over.

Radio is really subversive as it acts on straight people because they *think* they're "just listening to the radio" As if the songs weren't coursing thru their cells! As if they couldn't hear our voices and our various energy constructs! As if this shit had no effect on them, the saviors of the western world! What a bunch of chomps! But then they don't know any better, because *they haven't had access to the information before* in any other media. They don't know any better, and the way they'll find out is by being exposed to the information. No matter how long it might take (it won't take long, and their kids already know); no matter how long, it's happening to them every second even if they don't think so. The music is fucking them right in their tracks, and they don't even think it has any effect on them. "Oh, yes, rock and roll Hmmm. Where did I put the cat food. O dear." And off into the kitchen, with Jimi Hendrix blasting thru the radio walls. She went to a rock and roll dance and threw away her brassiere. No shit. I think it was the MC-5 that was playing, and she fucked the bass player between sets. The next week she quit her job and went to California. Hmmm. Did this really happen? Who do you know?

Listen to the radio now--turn on the FM while you're reading this and see what those cats are doing on the air. If they're bullshitting and shucking and jiving, call



photograph

The Erotic Adventures OF NARCISSA NORRADO — UNDERCOVER AGENT —

NARCISSA, CANADIAN GIRL SPY POSING AS A RUSSIAN ONE, JETS TO THE SINO-SOVIET BORDER IN AN ATTEMPT TO STOP THE RAMPAGING MONSTER CALLED THE 'GREEN PERIL'... NOW TRAPPED BETWEEN HIM AND THE RED GUARDS, NARCISSA OPTS TO TAKE ON THE PERIL — SEXUALLY !!!

THE RED GUARDS COME...!

THEY SEE...!

MMM... GOOD THINGS FROM THE VALLEY... VALLEY IN THE GARDEN...

ANOTHER HURRY ONE TO THE LOP NOR, IN THESE HIMALAYAS

RIED PHONE CALL, THIS ATOMIC TEST SITE AT THE FOOTHILLS OF THE CHI-

FWOOM!

THEY AGNEW OUT!

STRANGE! CHAIRMAN MAO TELLS US NOTHING ABOUT THIS...

LOOKS TO ME LIKE A RIGHT-WING REVISIONIST DEVIATION!

WELL, I MAY NOT KNOW MUCH IDEOLOGY— BUT I KNOW WHAT I LIKE!

AND, AS NARCISSA AND THE PERIL DEVIAE EVEN FURTHER, A HURRIED PHONE CALL GOES OUT TO THE BANKS OF THE HISTORIC YANGTSE...

LIU SHAO-CHI

*SIMULTANEOUS TRANSLATION: GAWDAMN OUTSIDE AGITATORS — COMIN' ROUND STIRRING UP AND CORRUPTING OUR YOUTH!

THE NUCLEAR PROJECTILE AND THE PERIL ARRIVE AT APPROXIMATELY THE SAME TIME...

KA-WHOOMP!

SHIELDED FROM ITS FULL FORCE BY THE MONSTER'S IMPENETRABLE SKIN, THE A-BLAST ONLY HEIGHTENS NARCISSA'S PLEASURE...

GEE, PERIL, THAT WAS REALLY SUPER! GUESS YOU'RE NOT QUITE AS GREEN AS YOU LOOK!

BUT—ONE HOUR LATER

FUNNY! I DON'T FEEL LIKE HAVING YOU EAT ME AGAIN... BUT THEN... THAT MEANS...

YOU... YOU'RE NOT REALLY CHINESE! BUT THEN, WHO ARE YOU? WHAT IS THIS DIABOLICAL GAME?

RIGHT Y'ARE, MA'M! PEABODY'S THE NAME, CIA'S MY GAME! I'M AN AMERICAN AGENT PROVOCATEUR... AND LEMME JUST TELL YOU, I AIN'T NEVER BEEN PROVOCATED QUITE LIKE THAT BEFORE!

GLAD YOU SEE IT OUR WAY, PEE-AIR! IN TIMES LIKE THESE WE CAN'T AFFORD TO BE CAUGHT WITH OUR PANTS DOWN— AS WE SAY IN ENGLISH

MEANWHILE, BACK AT NORAD'S UNDERGROUND HEADQUARTERS IN COLORADO SPRINGS...

GENERAL DISMAY! I THINK I'VE DETECTED A NUCLEAR DETONATION ON THE SINO-SOVIET FRONTIER!

THIS COULD BE IT, BOYS! BETTER BREAK OUT THE MARSHMALLOWS

YET ANOTHER HURRIED PHONE CALL...

AND SO...

CLICK!

CLICK!

US WARHE ACTIVE CONVOY

CANADI WARHE ACTIVATI CONTRO

A MIGHTY TITAN V RISES INTO POSITION ON THE LAUNCH PAD...

—IS THIS THE BEGINNING OF ARMAGEDDON? OR WILL NARCISSA COME ACROSS AGAIN? TO LEARN THE ANSWER, TUNE IN NEXT ISSUE—IF WE'RE ALL STILL HERE!

TIM HARDIN

TIM HARDIN, SUITE FOR SUSAN MOORE AND DAMION -WE ARE-ONE'ONE ALL IN ONE; Columbia CS 9787. Tim Hardin, vocals, guitar and keyboards, plus band.

This is probably the most significant new directional album in the last year, or longer, in the non-rock and roll category. Hardin has been able to create an album that is stunning in its honesty, strength and completeness. All this, and it remains a simple album.

"Suite..." deals with Susan and Damion, Hardin's wife and child, their life together, with each other in each other, as each other. The interesting part of this aspect is that Hardin is not telling us about his life. He is merely letting us listen in on the happiness, hesitation, and love that the Hardin trinity experiences.

It is accomplished through song and poetry. Hardin has rung the death-knell to everything he has written to this point with the opening line on side one. Then, free to wander, he decided to take a direct path instead of some minor detour. How he got from the old Hardin to the new Hardin is his thing. (Someplace along the way we lost him, since the jump from "If I Were A Carpenter" to "Susan Moore" is a big one and there seem to be some steps missing.)

It is not a country album. It does not fall into any usual category for an album. It is jazz, blues, Hardin, introspective in a new way that remains universal, and warmly gentle. With this new album, Hardin steps into a much different perspective, and reveals a measure of strength that has developed surely and confidently with singularity and class.

Bill Horan

JOHN HARTFORD

R.C.A. LSP-4156.

When an artist records, it is sometimes better to let the album speak of itself.

ORPHAN OF WORLD WAR TWO

I'm just an orphan of world war two,
a parent of world war three,
If I choose to lay down
With the builders of bombs
And the vendors of insanity

And still go on
with it all right or wrong
If it's something I somehow can't buy
I'm just an orphan of world war two
Rehearsing for world war three

Beaten up in Chicago street
For the cameras of N.B.C.
The freedom I had
You have labelled as bad
to be cured with scissors and soap.

I'm just an orphan of world war two
I've laid down in front of your place
I've pleaded and sung
at the top of my lungs
But I'm something you don't want to face.
Just kick me around
in the suburbs of town
Till I drop out
and split
For the north.

I'm just an orphan of world war two
a parent of world war three
If I choose to lay down
With the builders of bombs
And the vendors of insanity.

JAMES TAYLOR

JAMES TAYLOR, Apple Records .James Taylor, guitar and vocals, plus various musicians.

Out of all the people so far who have received a little help from their friends at Apple Records, probably the most fortunate has been James Taylor.

It isn't that he was treated any better than the rest, but he has more to offer, and through Apple now he has the means of getting it across to the public.

Taylor is a blues-oriented, folky singer who disguises the fact at first, and then when you discover it, it doesn't really matter any longer. What Taylor is really putting across is much more than something that banal.

Responsible for every song on the album, Taylor is already enjoying popular response to one particular cut, "Carolina In My Mind" which is a natural for other folk-oriented acts to pick up.

There is a strange feature included in this lp, which was produced by Peter Asher of Peter and Gordon: Taylor's lyrics, which are strong and written from a different viewpoint than most songs today, when compared with the melody and the arrangements, seem to indicate a large amount of tinkering with in the Apple tree. One other thing: there are links between each cut to get as much music into your ears as possible. Lots of fun, just like the whole album.

Taylor has command and understanding of his music, and is in no rush to try to prove it. Easy-going, he just sits on his stool playing his guitar and singing his songs, waiting for people to realize that he is saying something about somewhere else that just has to be a good place.

Bill Horan

At this
in term
for six
contin

continued from page one

made money off what they thought the kids wanted to listen to. Recording techniques were poor and the record pressing were atrocious. Listen to some of the early Little Richard recordings as a good example. In short, although rock was a young peoples music, the kids never had anything to do with the process anywhere along the line.

When Elvis appeared on the Ed Sullivan show in 1956, rock had officially arrived. The period 1956-59 was the classical period of pre-Beatle/Dylan rock. Radio stations began to switch to rock programming full time (always in the same Top 40 one record-one commercial-one promo or jingle which still characterizes AM rock radio today). Dick Clark and Alan Freed appeared on television. Dee jays like Murry the K established a new radio delivery from his post at WINS in New York. Transistor radio sales soared and the familiar picture of the teenager with a transistor glued to his ear became standard nightclub pater.

The business interests latched onto such grim reminders of tastelessness as Rick Nelson, Paul Anka, Duane Eddy, Dodie Stevens (remember "Tan Shoes and Pink Shoelaces"?) and Ed Byrnes.

But there were many nice things being done by artists like Ray Charles, Fats Domino, Sam Cooke, the Shirelles, Ben E. King, Hank Ballard, James Brown, the Platters, Brook Benton and Dinah Washington. Writers like Lieber-Stoller, Carol King and Jerry Goffin, Barry Mann and others did write some meaningful lyrics. However, these soon proved to be the exceptions.

As the Dick Clark-American Bandstand visual-oriented rock culture began to turn the tide of rockdom, the excitement of performers like Jerry Lee Lewis and Little Richard made way for the stiff postures of Pat Boone and Bobby Darin. The primitive, lower-class image of rock was cleaned up for the mass taste. Many of the R&B numbers, heavy with sexual innuendoes and double entendres were banned from the airwaves. (How many people remember such classics as "Peppermint Stick" and "Annie Had a Baby" and "Work With Me, Henry"?) The dynamic choreography of a James Brown was too vivid for the charcoal grey mond of apathetic America (do you remember that famous portrait of the day, "The Lonely Crown"? Do you realize that's still required reading matter in many colleges?). While Bobby Darin minced his way into the big time with "Queen of the Hop", Ray Charles remained unknown thanks to his "I've Got a Woman". America covers up its sexual parts and goes home.

Safe with the knowledge that rock had been de-sexed, de-rhythmed and quieted down, America waited for the death of this new form. The payola scandals, rather than providing a loosening of the top-heavy controls, merely resulted in more manipulation and fewer channels for inventiveness.

By the time the 1960's rolled a round, record sales were dropping and the end of rock was being heralded. Gone were the people like Jerry Lee Lewis and Bo Diddley who has fused excitement with originality. The primitive sexuality, earthy drive and racous rhythms which gave birth to rock had disappeared in the winter of rock.

The kids were abandoning rock for folk music and jazz (mainly in California). Folk music, with its attachment to civil rights and anti-war causes, offered the kids communication and participation. If any young person had something to say musically, he could hardly find inspiration in "Bobby's Girl" and "Mashed Potatoes." While folk music was hardly the background for going

down to the shore or Saturday night make-out sessions in the back seat of Dad's car, the rock scene was dismal. People who would later become the first of the rock innovators like John Sebastian, John Philips and Roger McGuinn were turning towards the folk form.

I think there were two things that basically saved rock from going the way of a misical fad: Phil Spector and the Twist.

The importance of Phil Spector of the rock process cannot be minimized. At 24 years, Spector became the owner of his own record company, Philles Records. He wrote, arranged and produced some of the great rock classics. He utilized a heavy black sound, multi-track vocals, big band backing and a Wagnerian climax to weld an excitement/experience that has been dubbed the "Phil Spector sound". This process later formed the basis for the whole Motown Sound as well as heavily influencing many British and American artists. Rather than concentrating on quantity, Spector chose his finished products slowly and lovingly. He knew how the whole pattern functioned and was able to utilize and stay on top of it (for the most part except for 19 nervous breakdowns). He produced such classics as the Crystals "Then He Kissed Me" and "Da Doo Ron Ron" (very heavy sounds for those days) and "Uptown" (social comment in rock); the Ronettes: "Be My Baby" and "Walking in the Rain"; and the Righteous Brothers "You Lost that Lovin' Feeling".

The twist, on the other hand, re-acquainted people with the fact that rock was basically a body music and it was fun to dance and experience to. Popularized by such redoubtables as Chubby Checker and Joey Dee, the twist did not advance rock so much along aesthetic lines as it undid the kinks in people's muscles and their minds. Getting people involved in dancing was an important part of the rock process. Dancing is tactile, tribal and very basis in orientation. It brings people together. And hell, anyone could do the twist. So even Ray Charles and Connie Francis joined them and rock twisted through two years of waiting for the sun.

While the High School Harrys and the College Joes of the day listened to the Four Seasons and the Beachboys, the stage was being set for the re-emergence of rock into the spring sunshine. In England, dozens of black-leather jacketed rocker bands were discovering the roots of rock in old recordings by Chuck Berry, Little Richard, Muddy Waters, Willie Dixon and John Lee Hooker.

The post-war babies were growing up and rebelling against the wartime, ration minds in England. The mods and the rockers, liberated by the motorbike/motorcycle, uniformed in either greasy, James Dean leather scowls or colorful ruffles and Union Jacks, high on purple hearts all weekend before going back to a lousy 10 pound a week menial labor or petty clerical job, were outlandishly living in the present. They needed a music that would reflect, organize and unify their beings and lifestyle. They were able to support and encourage musicians who would respond to these needs. The contemporary British rock scene, Cliff Richards, Tommy Steele and the like were merely imitations of their American counterparts. Something new, something vital, something alive and real was needed.

BEATLES AND DYLAN. Thanks to Brian Epstein, the Beatles were able to lead the way for such a revival. The story of the Beatles has been related in fine detail in the Hunter Davies biography of the group. What the group did, in essence, was popularize the black tradition and the blues roots of the music. They

injected a new life into the tired, jaded form. They enabled dozens of blues oriented bands like the Rolling Stones, the Animals, Then (from whence came Van Morrison), Pretty Things, the Graham Bond Organization (which nurtured Ginger Baker and Jack Bruce), John Mayhall, Alexis Korner and others to study, develop and play their thing to a turned-on and receptive public. They enabled the more commercially oriented groups including the Yardbirds (from whence came Eric Clapton and later Jeff Beck and Jimmy Paige), the Dave Clark Five, the Searchers and the Zombies to make it commercially stateside. The Beatles put the tension, the drive and the rock back into rock & roll.

I'll never forget the impact that "I Want to Hold Your Hand" made on me the first time I heard it on the radio. Here was a sound that seemed to vibrate and shimmer like a New York City Saturday night. It made me shiver with excitement and grow warm with energy. It crackled and lit the radio like an electric tidal wave. I was driving or riding on the New Jersey Garden State Freeway and I was instantly transported from that time/space into a white light, orgasmic revelation: I knew this was the beginning of something very big; it was so obvious how could anyone fail to be stunned by this power?

American kids embraced the British invasion like a welcome lover. English imports so dominated the pop charts that at one time, American musicians unions and many radio stations seriously considered putting a limit on foreign products. Billboard and Cashbox suggested some sort of protective measure to ensure domestic money could still be made in rock and British groups who attempted to tour the states found work visas were hard to obtain. The impact of the British on the music, itself, may have been lost on the businessmen but it didn't go unnoticed by young American artists.

Bob Dylan's revolutionary act of picking up an electric guitar accompanied by an electric bass and a drummer at the Newport Folk Festival seemed to say to America: "here is where your folk music is really at. Look and listen and experience it." Although Dylan was very badly received at first (he was booed and jeered at Newport, Forrest Hills and when I saw him at Symphony Hall in Newark), he continued to move into the electric thing. Undaunted (but not unaffected) by cries of "sell-out", Dylan demonstrated the musical and lyrical possibilities that rock can weave. He understood the power, the communication, the mysticism and the revolution of rock (which, unlike folk music, shows how to achieve revolution rather than merely talking about it).

By sanctioning rock as a serious form, Dylan legitimized rock in a sense. The colorless, drab folk scene quickly surrendered to the flowerly, bright, fluid, electric rock form. 1965 was the year that the acid and pot influence began to spread heavily. A new life style and a new culture began. In New York's Greenwich Village, a growing scene which included artists like the Blues Project, the Loving Spoonful, Tim Harden, the Fugs, Richie Havens, Buzzy Linhardt, the Magicians (one of the finer rock groups that never made it) and the Blues Magoos (who were rather fine in person but somehow never advanced once they began to record) reflected what was then called "folk rock". On the west coast, people like the Byrds and Barry McGuire and what was later to become the Mama's and Papa's grew and nourished the folk-rock thing. Everybody began to do a lot of Dylan material and the process began to

move towards its present directions.

The thing that always moved me about rock was that it was loud and full of energy. Like my New York City environment, I wanted something that would fill in the spaces like an art-nouveau scroll fills in the edges of a canvas. Rock fills these spaces for me. In the middle of this sensory overload, I can find peace and tranquility. I can become hopelessly disoriented in time and space if I choose to float along these musical swiggles and wavy patterns. I can find meaning and truth and beauty in a well-arranged and conceived rock piece. When rock returned to taste its roots, when rock explored and probed its new environment, I find myself again.

For ease of discussion, I term the period from 1965 to the present the post-Beatle/Dylan period or modern rock. In order to discover how rock has influenced and appeared to our generation, I analyzed the modern rock scene in terms of directions, statements and form. Collaborators and myself tried to create a composite picture of what was happening in the three centers of pop music culture: New York, California and Great Britain and how these centers, the many diverse streams that came from there as well as all over the world shaped by rock. For it is important to remember: if there had been no scene in San Francisco, there never would have been a development like the Electric Kool-Aid Acid Tests or the Trips Festival or Ken Kesey or the Grateful Dead. The city nourished, supported, encouraged and gave substance to the music and lyrics and feeling generated by acid rock.

When one considers the aesthetics of modern rock, one always comes back to the single source that has done more to shape the music and the culture than any one thing: drugs.

The change from "Rubber Soul" in 1965 to "Revolver" the following year indicated the Beatles were very aware of the influence of marijuana and LSD had made on our culture. The high point of the album, "Tomorrow Never Knows" is an invitation to "turn off your mind/relax and float downstream/it is not dying." The Byrds' "Mr. Tambourine Man" and Dylan's "Blond on Blond" albums contained numerous references to turning on (on all levels). More than just an invitation to take drugs, what this new music suggested was raising your level of consciousness away from the fragmented, intellectual, goal oriented, time and material world to a unified, sensual, direction in a timeless, spiritual environment.

In England, the Rolling Stones "Aftermath" album was one of the first pieces to incorporate many of these new musical ideas. The album, quite a departure from the Stones' early blues orientation (although numbers like "Satisfaction," "Get off my Cloud" and albums like "Out of Our Heads" indicate directions in which Mick Jagger and Keith Richards will travel), is notable for several things: the 10 minute version of "Going Home" in which Mick Jagger probes the entire range of blues, grunts and noises and scat vocals; the rock classic "Paint It Black"; the exploration of the cool social scene in "Back Street Girl"; "Please Go Home" and "Lady Jane" (which used several non-rock instruments and a fugate-type arrangement) and the overall originality and exploration of the album. It was so much of a departure for the Stones that it was considered to be one of their worst albums for a long time. I think in retrospect, it was one of their best.

During the early years of modern rock, the only other English voice besides the Beatles and the Stones to have much impact was Donovan.

continued on page fourteen

Coming from a folk background, Donovan explored the poetic and myriad musical possibilities of this new form in his "Sunshine Superman" and Mellow Yellow" albums. He mastered the art of the story-song in things like "Guinevere" and "Legend of a Girl Child Linda". Flutes, horns, strings and even unaccompanied guitars created a color filled impressionistic painting in song. Donovan, gentle and childlike, full of love and flowers, was the perfect poet for the Flower Children.

The Hippie phenomenon, a counter way of life, demanded an art form to respond to. A flood of albums answered that need in 1967. Among the best and most derivative of the scene at the time were Jefferson Airplane's "Surrealistic Pillow", the Grateful Dead's first album, Moby Grape's first album, the Doors' initial release, and Country Joe's "Electric Music for Mind and Body". The music was flowery, improvisational, optimistic, joyous, and energetic. The lyrics spoke of the freedom to choose one's life, the pleasures of sensual living, the I Ching and other mystical works, love and even revolution.

The new rock began to reveal other important changes. For the first time, the young artists were writing and composing their own material. Lyrical masterpieces from the pens of people like Lennon-McCartney, Mick Jagger, John Sebastian, Jim Morrison, Tim Hardin, Donovan, Paul Simon and others, were the new poetry of the day. Aided by such virtuoso producers as George Martin, Lou Adler, Robert Johnson and Jac Holtzman, rock product was lovingly handled and carressed by men who knew and respected the artists they worked with.

At first, the record companies responded in the traditional fashion by signing up anything they thought would sell. But they soon found they were now dealing with an audience that was discriminating and discerning. The MGM Record company lost four million dollars and wrecked the careers of several fine promising groups with their "Boss-town sound" hype; an attempt to create another San Francisco sound in Boston. On the other hand, record companies like Elektra and later Columbia, Warner-Brothers/Reprise and Atlantic/Atco have shown remarkable progress and maturity in handling of rock artists. Artists are no longer given material quotas as part of their contracts. Time was when an artist was expected to produce six singles and two albums or something of that sort a year to fulfill his contract obligations. Bob Dylan has been quoted as saying that if it wasn't for his contract which specifies he must produce an album a year, he wouldn't bother recording anymore.

But this new-found freedom has not been lost on many artists who take advantage of the free environment to produce well arranged and composed products.

Time was when a rock group was given a date to appear at a recording studio and given a few hours to produce twelve album cuts. No more than one or two takes were allowed for every number. It is possible to hear actual musical mistakes on many of the early rock albums. Today, rock artists are given much more leeway to produce and experiment with the many advanced tape techniques and equipment. While it's true that recording conditions are not exactly heaven for unestablished talent (not all artists are allowed to take a year and \$80,000 worth of time and talent to produce an album like the Beatles are able to), companies like Columbia (which hires people like

Al Kooper and Mike Bloomfield to produce and arrange their product) and Atlantic (who employs talent like Felix Pappalardi and Jerry Wexler and Steve Cropper as A&R men). Young, aware and technically proficient men who know how to overdub, multi-track and a host of other modern technical innovations are now in charge of producing a music they've grown up with, played, and loved. Consequently, rock product is more often a labor of love than not. Record companies are beginning to learn that it doesn't pay to have inferior products and unhappy artists. Elektra, for example, has gone so far as setting up recording studios in the country where artists can get away from it all, relax and leisurely turn out a finished product. While record companies still hassle artists over contracts (ah--for the day when artists like Eric Clapton, Mike Bloomfield, George Harrison and Al Kooper won't need to assume false names when they guest jam in an album which is released by another company), there is more freedom than ever before for musicians to come together and jam in the jazz tradition. Al Kooper and Mike Bloomfield have done a great service in convincing Columbia to lead the way in recording and releasing plain, old fashioned record jams.

The very fact that rock is now taken very seriously as a music form is evidenced by several things: the appearance (both recorded and live) of numbers of top rock artists who are together solely for an unrehearsed session of spontaneous music. The Supersession albums were the first recorded indication that rock music had advanced to the point that the music was considered solely on its own merits without any hype or phoney packaging to make the product more marketable.

Like the cycle of the jazz musicians, rock is now undergoing a metamorphosis which indicates how serious the musicians themselves are about their music. Traditionally a jazz musician would work his way up to a big band learning several styles and perfecting his own statements to the point where he could make a definitive statement of his own. He did this by leaving his "teacher" and forming a band of his own around his own ideas. New forms grew, progressed, were refined and became traditional as artists with more new ideas came along and pushed the patterns to new limits. Every name in jazz from Frank Sinatra to John Coltrane followed this route.

Using the great British organist, Stevie Winwood, as an example: he began with the Spencer Davis Group around 1965 and learned and musically grew until he was able to eclipse Spencer Davis himself before he left the group two years later. His individual singing and playing style drew him to form Traffic, a musical unit which never quite coalesced in the two years they were in existence. Winwood however, has continued to grow at such a pace that he is now probably the best rock organist around. It was only fitting he decided to pool his talent and form a super-group called Blind Faith which also consists of Eric Clapton, Ginger Baker and Ric Grech. Thus, in four years Winwood has advanced to the point where he is playing with what must be considered one of the finest rock bands in the world and getting upwards of \$10,000 a performance (money being an indicator of a musician's merit).

As soon as rock began to be taken seriously, a host of critics and publications appeared extolling the virtues of this music. Some of the best are Crawdaddy (which I believe is no longer being published), Rolling Stone, Fusion and Cream. The major

problems in writing about rock can be summarized in the lines of one of Marty Ballin's songs: "I can't use words/they don't say enough". How does one employ the written language, a visual sequential progression to adequately describe what is a total, immense tactile communication? Although critics like Paul Williams, Gene Youngblood and Richard Goldstein have gone a long way to bringing the spirit of rock to the printed page, subjectivity and a new vocabulary to capture the essence of the form remain major obstacles to overcome.

I love rock like I love an old friend. A new Beatles or Stones album is a joyous event, a message from an old friend telling me where his head has gone and what he's into now. An album by the Grateful Dead or the Incredible String Band is infinitely more rewarding and pleasing than reading a book. What book can transport me forward or backwards in time like a magic carpet? What form can capture the kinetic energy of absolute control over noise/sound as Jimi Hendrix experiences? What form incorporates ritual, theater, politics and religion like a live performance by the Who or the Doors? How can one capture the pre-literate, pervading festival/bazaar/tribal communion like atmosphere in anything but an event like the Toronto Pop Festival or any of the numerous music festivals?

Rock is real to me--more real than any other art form because it seems to get inside me, turn my entire being into fluid energy and transform and cleanse my soul into that timeless, spaceless, eternal void which has been called everything from satori to enlightenment by Eastern religions.

My heroes are rock people because of their life styles, their values and their politics. Long hair, soft, bright clothing, a sound so intense it shakes one's entire being, a mobile and global communication which transcends language barriers, a familiar ritual shared with like-beings simultaneously, a form that talks to and about me---these are some of the things I, myself, identify with. It is nothing less than a commitment to a way of life and anything that reinforces and teaches me about that way, I embrace. But then, I've always seemed to move away from the static, lifeless, categorical in all I've endeavored to do.

While millions of my generation are plugging into rock, the communications industry still lags behind. It is very distressing to see, in a city the size of Montreal, that there isn't a single FM rock station or any means to hear the new works that fall under the all-encompassing category of music termed rock. Since over 75% of all record sales are albums with the huge majority of these being purchased by people between the ages of 13-30 (according to music trade magazine figures), it would seem obvious that a modern rock, album playing, loose format type station would be an obvious financial brainstorm. But the archaic game of "ratings" is still being played in Montreal to justify the tired format of Top 40. Bubblegum rock on CFOX and the lack of balls by CJAD to go underground (if playing Judy Collins is considered underground, I wonder where the CJAD minds would put the Pink Floyd, Velvet Underground, the Fugs and the Mothers??).

One cannot fight changes by denying them. Only by understanding and staying ahead of changes can one hope to effectively exercise any control/live harmoniously with one's environment. And if there is one thing we all need to do it's LEARN AND UNDERSTAND.

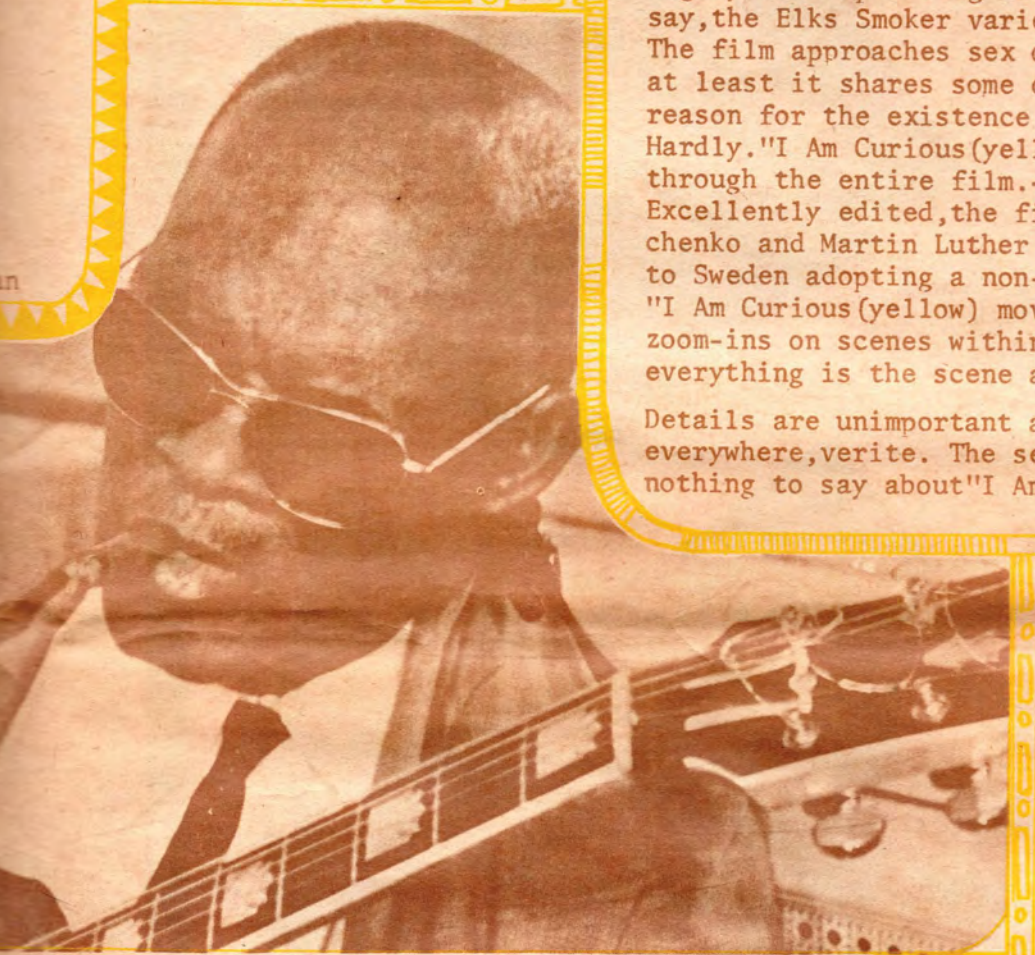
Aaron Howard



I AM CURIOUS, YELLOW

Rev. GARY DAVIS

Photo: Edward Goldstein



point it seems post facto to write anything about Gary Davis
s of review. He has been around a long time, playing a guitar
ty three years, singing for a lifetime. Now, seventy four, he
es, riding through a circle of sunrise and sunset. RESPECT.

Those people who were prepared to wait in the long lines to see "I Am Curious(yellow)" now that it has come to Montreal should probably stay in the Metropolitan News breathing heavily on the glossies there. Aside from the fact that a fair portion of footage fell on the censor's floor(actualy only two minutes), the much touted sex scenes in the Vilgot Sjoman-directed film are merely that: sex scenes. All the hype that has been written about the film since Grove Press brought it over from Sweden makes "I Am Curious(yellow)" out to be a highly-developed stag film, the likes of which is several levels above, say, the Elks Smoker variety. The film approaches sex on film in about the same way as "Ulysses", or at least it shares some of that flavour. This doesn't mean though that the reason for the existence of sex in both films is the same. Hardly. "I Am Curious(yellow)" is voyeurism explored and exposed(destroyed) through the entire film. - Excellently edited, the film includes bits and pieces of Yevengy Yevtuchenko and Martin Luther King during pacifistic activities that lead to Sweden adopting a non-violence stand. "I Am Curious(yellow)" moves quickly, flash scenes, flying english subs, zoom-ins on scenes within scenes, behind the scene, across from the scene, everything is the scene at some point...including the nit in the theatre. Details are unimportant about the scene by scene moves. They are there, everywhere, verite. The sex is here, there and everywhere. There is really nothing to say about "I Am Curious(yellow)". This review is a lie.

Bill Horan

etc...

THE BAND from Big Pink are recording album 2... Blue Cheer's new lp in the stores(so?)...Montage simply a youthful musical misadventure...Fear Itself - well the lead singer chick has a hard time getting thru the Box Tops' "The Letter" ...PP&M's "Peter Paul and Mommy" as greasy as ever, but well-recorded, especially on the cuts

with the children, like "day Is Done" which is probably their best song in a few years...Farewell Aldeban, by Judy Henske and Jerry Yester, is an ill-fated bust in terms of exploring new regions in wordy music - the lyrics sound like what some high school kid would have written in the late 50's...Jackie Lomax'"Is This What You Want?" a lot of people say yes to this record and a lot of people say no - it seems easier to understand those in the latter category...(1)The Winter Consort fantastic...(2)The Winter Consort fantastic...Bob Dylan Interpreted by The Sound Symposium should be listened to in a soup bowl - all that's missing is Walter Brennan and Burl Ives...pick up on John Stewart's "California Bloodlines"...the sleeper of the year so far...

in Montreal: Bruce Murdock finishing up his first album for Richie Havens' Stormy Forest label, sidemen include harp player Don Audet and guitarist Bill Garrett, album will be completely original(well...)and should be called:"Thirty three and one third revolutions per minute", early release is expected, plus a promo single which more than likely will(should) be "Can I Come Across To You?"...Sean Gagnier's first lp also expected soon...The group called Montreal who just recorded an album for Havens also expect an early August release, their album has eleven songs on it by Montreal writers...Rings and Things probably the best together, up tempo folk rock group in town and well worth catching...young folksingers who want to make it should play the hoots in town: Yellow Door on Sundays, Back Door on Mondays, Folk Workshop on Wednesdays - interested high power agents attend weekly looking for frsh young talent that can be shaped into tomorrow's superstars...Jesse Fuller coming to town soon...Also The Mothers and Vera Johnson...why no folk concerts in the park this summer? must the expansionist urge limit everyone's mind?...local folk names booked into Place des Arts in Sept...something going on musically in Montreal right now...support the Montreal music myth...

Bill Horan

PROLOGUE

According to legend, there was once no heaven above nor earth below, but only a dimensionless infinity in which mist floated and gradually became a fountain.

From this fountain, soon twelve rivers came forth, flowing slowly and smoothly, languid motions in a peaceful bottomless deep. The rivers gradually moved further away from their source, froze into ice and filled in the bottomless void.

Away from the world of mist was the world of light which produced a warm wind that moved far and wide, melting the ice, bringing moisture into the world of people. The moisture aided plant life, growth, and indeed, was one of the unrecognized foundations of existence. Moisture, flowed through the slowly awakening form of man. It flowed before his eyes and into his nose, carrying with it the scents of life: wildwoods, wheat and spring celebrations.

Soon it crept through his veins, through his organs, out of his sex where it was flung into the wombs of women who rose, dripping moisture across their velvet thighs, dripping moisture from their short silken hairs, and brought forth young to cultivate and celebrate their existence which they saw mirrored in the mountain lakes and lowland streams.

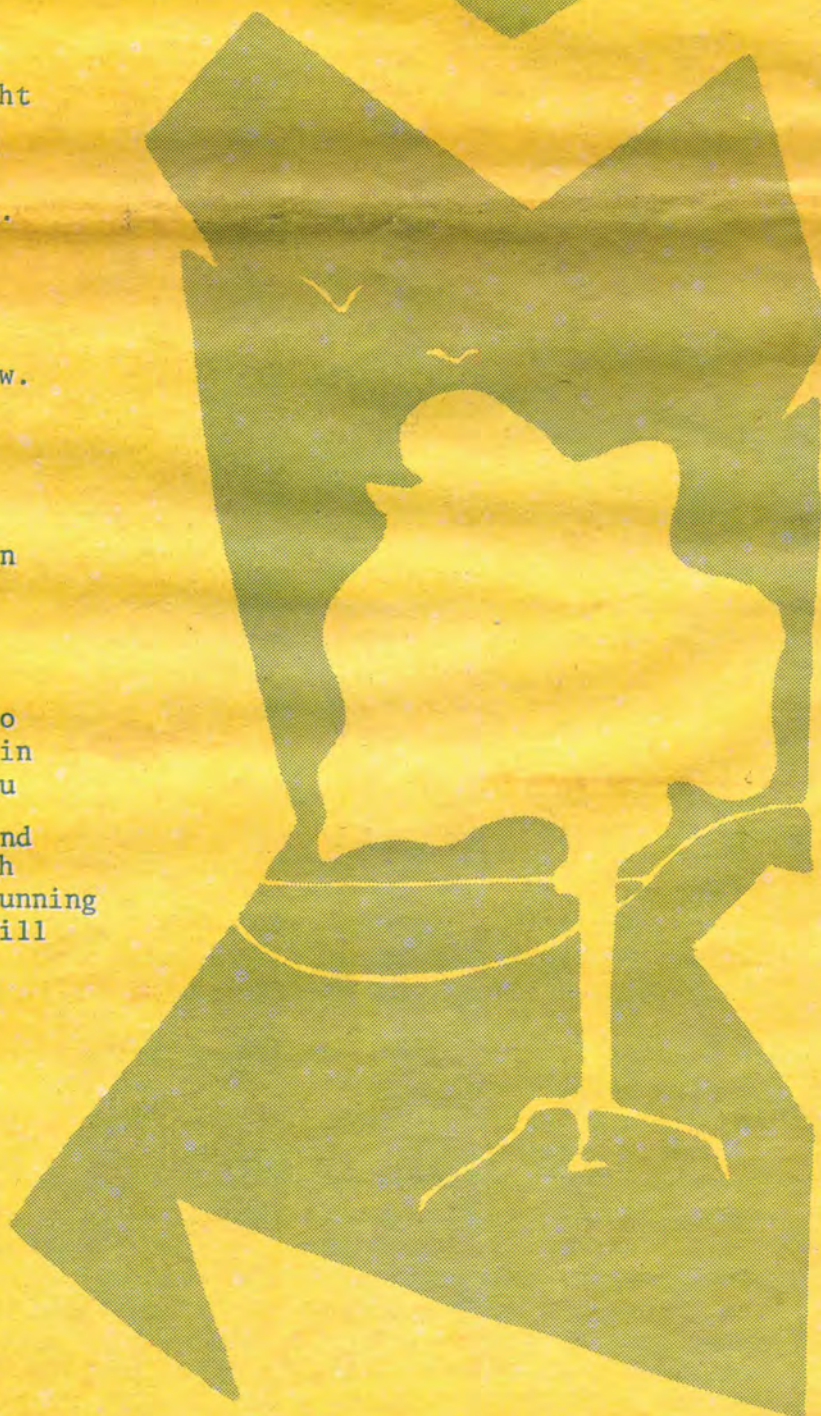
The young soon moved away from their source away from the heat which had nourished and protected them. Frightened, they created a thought which helped them withstand the cold. They settled in that land, and brought forth their young, and told them their first thoughts; thus legend began. Thus custom began.

Away from this world is a world of warmth, some particles of which are carried within the people who are invested with the power to change and grow. The world of warmth is a world of moisture that flows through the veins, through body openings, toward other people. It is a mist that rarely is seen, but which is felt and often denied. It is a direct line to the source and only needs certain circuits connected to flow inward and outward as it was intended. It is a moisture with a warmth that melts ice.

You are ice, or else you would not be listening to this voice. You would be somewhere else flowing in moisture were it not for the lies passed on to you as custom. You are meant to be wildwoods, wheat, and spring celebrations. You are meant to be the high celebration of the sun. Inside you is moisture running deep and silent. Inside you is warmth, able to fill infinity.

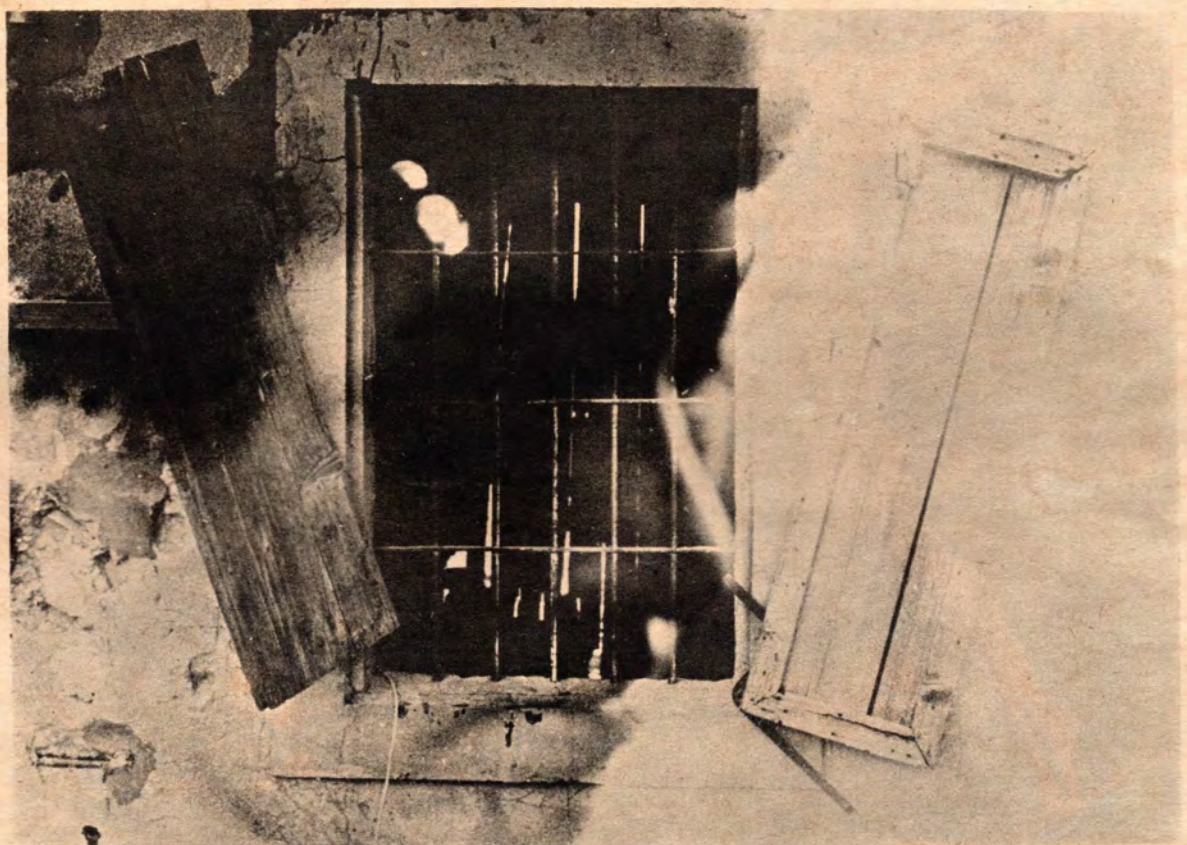
The person beside you is the same.
Together you are a universe.
Touch each other.
Melt into moisture.
Flow into a bottomless void.

by
Bill
Horan



Graphics: PETER PAGE

This is the opening section of a book-length poem entitled "Examining What's Gone Down" which will be published later this summer.



hs by edward goldstein

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One of the reasons it is so important to see a qualified M.D., instead of just dropping antibiotics, is because of penicillin-resistant strains. Such a strain is built up by taking enough antibiotics to make the infection seem to disappear, but not enough to cure it.

a couple of weeks -- then comes the rash. (2) Nothing for a couple of weeks and is also relatively painless. After that it lies dormant for as long as ten years, while it kills you a bit. You may not even know you have it -- go to a doctor!!! When strange sores or rashes show --

I WON
SUBS

MONTREAL PAPERBACK

Fanon
Guevara
McLuhan
Marcuse
Hesse

Huxley
Laing
Dylan
Watts
Genet

V.D. is not a horrible disgusting thing. True, it hurts more than a cold, but when treated quickly, doesn't last any longer. Besides, you get it from balling, and balling is groovy. It's nothing to be uptight about -- just tell the people you balled, and you can all get cured together, holding hands through those horny days. And don't let anyone lay a trip on you about sin or immorality: cause balling is fun.

If you think you may have V.D., the place to go in Montreal is the Youth Clinic, at 3510 Jeanne Mance, apt. 2. It's open Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, 7 to 9 p.m. Or call anytime: 843-7885. They won't give you any hassle (you don't even have to give your name), they're good people.

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News From The Clinic

claptrap

I am writing this because all the other information I have seen on V.D. is presented ludicrously. This (hopefully) will at least present the facts in a manner that makes it possible for (a) the pamphlet to be read without hysterical laughter, and (b) the reader to get the necessary information from someone who knows its a bum trip.

If you ball someone who has V.D., you have it. In other words, if you discover you have it, tell whoever you have balled in the last two weeks (1 to 1 1/2 weeks is the incubation period for gonorrhea, the more common kind).



COMING!!!

SIR CHRISTOPHER'S BOUTIQUE

DER
CRIBE

Symptoms of syphilis: (1) A sore or sores in the crotch, in the mouth, or, in a chick, sometimes inside where you can't even see 'em. The sore is a whitey-pink, kinda ugly thing, which shows up 10-90 days after you ball someone with syph. It is painless, and will disappear (even if untreated) in a short while.

hurt like hell when you pee.
Gonorrhea can lie dormant in a chick for long enough for the infection to do dreadful, horrid damage to her baby-making facilities. So always tell the chick!!!

Don't believe any stories you hear from an unqualified person like me -- except that I had it, and I dig studying medical stuff -- so I know some facts maybe. Symptoms of gonorrhea: burning, itching, and hurting. They can occur within 2-3 days after you ball someone who's got it. They can also take up to 1-1½ weeks to show. And gonorrhea can lie dormant (in other words, you don't know you have it) for several months. There will be a sort of icky white-yellow discharge, and it'll

As soon as you think you may have it, see a doctor!!! Gonorrhea can cause sterility and other damage (especially to the reproductive system), and syphilis can blind, maim, and kill people. Al Capone and Henry the 8th both died of syphilis.

Don't ball anyone while you have it. That is, until a doctor says you're cured. If you do, either you will infect them or they will re-infect you -- besides, it hurts, usually!!



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SANTANA**

FRI-SAT
AUG 15-16

**SAVOY BROWN Blues Band
SIR DOUGLAS QUINTET
CHARLIE MUSSEL WHITE**

FRI-SAT
AUG 22-23

**ALBERT KING
JUNIOR WELLS Blues Band
AUM**

FRI-SAT
AUG 29-30

**PAUL BUTTERFIELD Blues Band
MUDDY WATERS
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SAT/AUG 16
8:30 PM

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2.50
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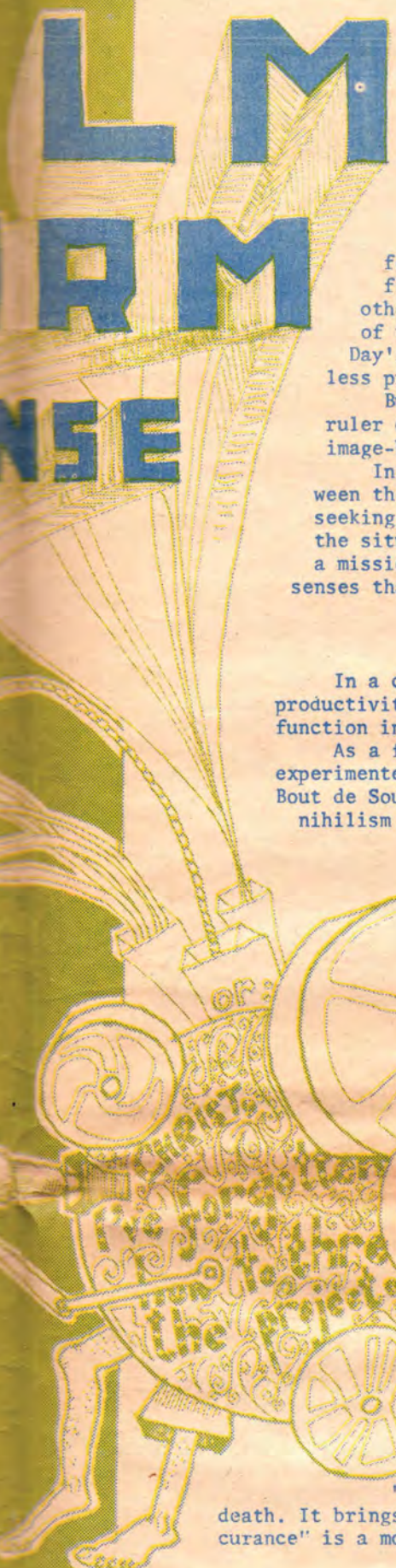
SUN/AUG 31
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The nature of the medium of film is ideally suited to an examination of the inability-to-communicate syndrome. Most obvious examples are the films of Fellini and Bergman; but this subject also plays a part in many other films.

In films dealing with personalities widely separated by their fame from their audiences, the question of the ability to communicate is a major concern. In "Don't Look Back" and "A Hard Day's Night", both Dylan and the Beatles require a sense of protection from the clustering hordes. "Don't Look Back" is a documentary which shows the inherent fear of a person constantly in the public view, and the necessity of each person to carry a shell. Dylan is charged with responsibility that he shuns, demanded to be part of a movement for which he feels little affinity; and he reacts with fear, caution, and denials (such as his "interview" with Time magazine). He hesitates to communicate too widely, for fear that the only Dylan left would be an image Dylan; thus "Don't Look Back" is as much a documentary film as Peter Pan; only the fictions have been changed to protect the innocent. The Beatles, on the other hand, show the outright fear of being injured, while desiring to communicate more closely by means of their music. But there is always a demand for more, and they can only respond with less. "A Hard Day's Night" is perhaps a more honest document than "Don't Look Back", probably because it was made with less pretension about being truthful.

But the crown of the films on this subject is the images created in "Citizen Kane". Kane, a powerful ruler of financial circles, is constantly threatened with the exposure that he is human, and he reacts by image-building, threats, and the constant search for more power.

In these films, the inability to communicate exists only among the characters in the films, and not between the filmmaker and the audience. Rarely do people come from these flicks scratching their heads and seeking the "real meaning". The meaning is obvious because it is not hidden. The filmmaker is honest, but the situations that he deals with sometimes are not. His duty is to expose these faults, not because he is a missionary, not because he is a revolutionary; but because he is human, and he cares about other humans, and senses that motion is not an external force, but rather a generating life that vibrates between people.

feelings

In a consumer-oriented society, scientific progress is not a force that determines anything but productivity. It is a catchphrase that depicts the "real world", but a world void of conscience. The cinema's function in such a society is, if anything, to re-instill the natural instinct of man for love and hope.

As a force for love the cinema has been used successfully and practically. In the early sixties, Godard experimented in his first film with the form of a gangster movie, but saturated it with human values. "Au Bout de Souffle" ("Breathless") became a standard-bearer for the new film form. It represented the romantic nihilism of a quiet time. It could have passed for a Hollywood grade-B movie, if properly dubbed and distributed for the Americans; but the deadpan actuality of the "cops close in on killer" showed the deeper side of the situation, which Hollywood never realized/realizes. Spontaneity, improvisation are the only possible style; the basic value of human kindness becomes paramount; Godard relates that the situation is meaningless the effect that people have on each other is the only relevant point.

In "Bande à Part" ("Band of Outsiders"), Odile, searching to free herself, incurs the aid of two gangster-types to help her rob her rich aunt. The emotional transference between these characters becomes the root of the movie. Again, Godard shows the positive effect that people can have on each other, above that of the action, the search for material gain.

"King of Hearts" is the crown of the movement. If movies are a loveforce, then this film is the guiding light. In it, a soldier is sent out to prevent the blow up of a town, accidentally takes refuge in an insane asylum, becomes involved in the real world of lunacy, and eventually accepts the fact that the external world is truly the insane one.

What dominates the thinking in these films is that if any precepts of social reality are to be accepted, it is that people who rely on each other are easier to touch. Easier to believe. Good to be with.

But there is a class of films which brings us closer together by generating a feeling of fear.

"Occurance at Owl Creek Bridge" shows the reality of a man executed and the fantasy of life in death. It brings us to fear death and despise the oppressor. Yet because its theme is one of universal relevance, "Occurance" is a moving and human study.

now

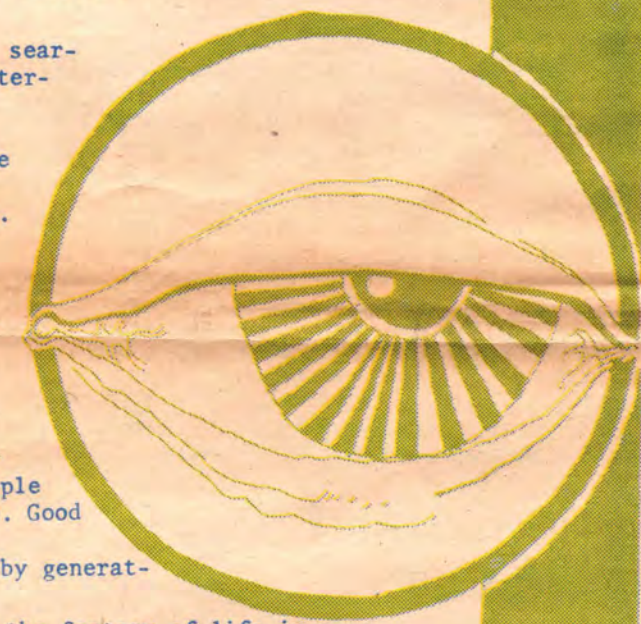
In an industry dominated by men whose minds were formed by the past and have developed little since, few filmmakers are able to capture a sense of the present.

"La Chinoise" speaks of the recent revolution in France, its consequences, and its effects, yet this film was made a year before the events actually occurred. "If" strikes back for all those who become filled with disgust. These films speak in the present sense. "Nobody Waved Goodbye" deals endlessly with a "problem" and offers not a glimmer of hope; of course it cannot be hopeful, for it applies to the living present the standards of the dead past.

The television form is the form that best speaks of the present. In a stroke of superior fortune, the CBC in 1964 produced a film by Ron Kelly, of the Easter story updated and "reported" in the form of a television newscast. "The Open Grave", complete with an on-the-spot reporter, reported the resurrection of Jesus as an incident/happening. The Society of Friends, in London, wired Kelly, asking whether the plot was original. Kelly replied with: "Yes, the story was entirely fictional, based on the 'New Testament'".

"Jules et Jim" speaks of absolute love. Truffaut, stating his purpose in making this film, said: "Given the most scabrous situation possible -- two men and a woman living together for a whole part of their lives -- I had to try to make a film of the purest possible love, and to do this by showing the innocence of the three characters, their moral integrity, their tenderness, and above all their modesty."

Am I going too quickly? I think so. But it's a fast process, and there is little reason to dwell.



Back in a minute.

continued from page seven

them up and tell them to get down. You know what you want to hear. And I'm not just talking about requests, I'm talking about revolutionary radio--media of the people, by the people, and for the people. If you don't know what you want tell them to do something else, you can't make what's going down right now and you want to hear something different so you can educate yourself. It's nice to hear what you know, but it's more fun to find out something new.

Radio should be done as a conscious educational tool, a weapon of cultural revolution, to turn people on and charge them with energy and information so they can change their world. Every program should be an educational experience for all listeners. Radio is our cultural communications system, and we have to have the information. We have to have the music -- the strongest and purest music being made, all the time. We can't do without it, and we don't have to anymore. We have to have news of our brothers and sisters too, wherever they are, whatever they're doing, we have to know about it so we can grow with them and be them, so they can be us, so we will be united in knowledge and action. When the barricades go up in Paris or San Francisco or Columbia University, we have to know about it so we can spread the word in our communities and act on the information. When people get kidnapped by the police on phony dope busts and held for ransom we have to know so we can get them out on the streets again. We have to know this stuff, all the time. And the radio can do it.

The duty of the revolutionary media is to communicate the news of the revolution---to get the dope to the people who need the information, so they can act on it. As we start to define America for ourselves thru our brothers and spokesmen in the media---our media---we help create a situation in which the people can get our information start to act in the desired manner, i.e. in a revolutionary way. They start acting for themselves, moving to control their own lives---though not in any sense of limiting their lives, but simply FREEing themselves from the consumer prison.

As we begin to infiltrate and destroy the straight culture we start to set people free who have been trapped inside the pigpen with no information on how to get out. When people see that the newspaper comes out every two weeks, or that the music goes on no matter what, that our lives go freaky as they are---then they know that they can do it too. They know they can get away with it. And that's precisely the information they need.

This article, originally titled "Turn On The Radio" appeared in the Georgia Straight, Vancouver's underground paper, July 9, 1969. The author of this piece is John Sinclair.

Don't touch dat dial!

continued from page six

tually began in 1947, when a group of pacifists academic types around the University of California started a low power neighborhood FM station in Berkeley. By 1960 Pacifica had stations operating in the New York, Los Angeles, and San Francisco Bay areas. Pacifica's basic premise was that radio could never become a free and creative medium as long as it was used to sell soap. Even educational stations, of which there were many, could never really do imaginative things as long as they were funded by establishment institutions such as Foundations and universities. Pacifica stations were, on the other hand, listener sponsored which meant that listeners were invited to subscribe voluntarily to keep the stations on the air and to the surprise of many, this system worked.

Pacifica stations never attempted to attract a mass audience. On the contrary their stated purpose was to provide a forum for specific individual concerns (no matter how controversial, or in fact, no matter how obscure) not usually presented on mass media. Pacifica operated on a shoestring and always seems on the verge of going off the air. Programming has always been actively experimental and far out. Pacifica stations were the first to start doing free form sound collages of all sorts. Political radicals, visionaries and assorted freaks always were given a place to rap at the intellectual community. Pacifica was the first to program avant garde jazz, eastern, electronic and ethnic folk music. While sometimes a bit specialized, and often dull, the three Pacifica stations have always been unpredictable.

In 1963 an actor named Bob Fass took over the after midnight hours on the Pacifica station in New York WBAI to do something called RADIO UNNAMEABLE. The program, on the air five nights a week, would stay on the air each night until Fass felt like leaving. In a sense, Fass picked up where Shepherd left off. Fass was far more into the temper of the sixties and through listener sponsored radio he was given freedoms previously undreamed of on radio. Shepherd, on the other hand, was basically an establishment type, albeit a creative one, and as he

failed to make the transition he lost most of his youth audience.

Radio Unnameable became kind of a nucleus for an emerging hip community. Fass programmed largely blues and folk recordings and when the new Rock came he played that too. He would also rap about things he felt his listeners should know about. Fass has always been reachable immediately by phone and if any listener calls him up to convey information about busts, beat-ins, demonstrations or anything else, he'll put the call on the air and let him rap about it. Fass also invites friends up to play music live on the air and some of them such as Bob Dylan, Tiny Tim, Arlo Guthrie, Al Kooper, Ravi Shankar, Jeremy Steig and numerous others played live on his program before they had developed any kind of following.

Fass is probably the father of the new radio in that he was the first to consciously use the medium to turn people on to a new awareness. In the spring of 1967 he brought his listeners together for a fly-in, a sweep-in and numerous other gatherings. He used his program to get the diggers together in New York and later to turn people on to the Yippies. Paul Krassner, Abby Hoffman, and Jerry Rubin all manage to pop up on the program regularly.

As the new consciousness began to take root and more and more people began to think in terms of turning on the media, the basic assumptions of Pacifica began to appear to many as somewhat outdated. The idea of a marginal intellectually elite medium dependent on the charity of its listeners to keep it on the air, these people felt, should give way to new humanized commercial media with wider appeal which could compete with that of the straight world.

In the spring of 1967, a gargantuan top forty disc jockey turned media freak named Big Daddy Tom Donahue approached Leon Crosby the owner of a near bankrupt foreign language FM station, KMPX in San Francisco about an idea he had for a new kind of radio. Crosby was desperate and Donahue convinced him that there was a large market that radio was not reaching. To Crosby, the kind of programming that Donahue described as Free Form was simply another foreign language and he accepted Donahue's offer to let him operate such a station and make money for Crosby without having any real understanding of what Donahue actually planned to do.

Donahue hired a staff of young hip people with a wide range of musical backgrounds to work as disc jockeys on the station. Young attractive chicks with an awareness and understanding of the new music were hired and trained as engineers to work with the disc jockeys. A sales staff was hired consisting of long haired business freaked super-rappers most of whom had been involved in the start of the San Francisco music scene.

Each disc jockey was given the freedom to express himself creatively through the programming of music, which could include new rock, blues, soul, far out jazz, electronic music, baroque, eastern, folk and ethnic field recordings, country and virtually anything else that seemed appropriate. The music broadcast was programmed as a continuous flowing sound environment in stereo in which the listener could immerse himself.

Rapping was generally kept to a minimum, and was usually directly related to the music being played. Disc jockeys related to the audience not in the usual manner of bullshit impersonal announcers but rather as fellow freaks enthusiastically turning friends on to music that had real meaning for them. Advertising, 90% of which came from hip local merchants, was in the form of short informative low pressure raps and were integrated into the flow of the music. Public service announcements were limited to items of real interest to listeners such as plugs for free concerts, medical clinics and legal aid or for organizations such as the American Civil Liberties Union and the Resistance. Such well known drags as regular newscasts, time, weather, etc. were not used.

The station had real roots in the community. Every weekend you could run into most of the station's staff at the free rock concerts in the park. They were there not in any professional capacity but simply because that's how they dug spending their leisure time. Jerry Garcia of the Grateful Dead or Jorma Kaukonen of the Jefferson Airplane came up to visit their friends who worked there and to have a chance to play the records they liked on the air. KMPX called itself family radio and most of the people who worked there conceived of themselves as a radio tribe whose function it was to turn on San Francisco to fine music.

The station was an enormous success both financially and artistically. Most young people in the Bay Area kept the station on constantly. The station acted as a catalyst for many other exciting creative ventures which centered around the San Francisco music community. Tom Donahue was convinced that the temper of the times which allowed a station such as KMPX to exist was not confined to San Francisco and that similar stations could be set up and thrive in any large North American city. Based on this conviction Donahue secured a loan of two

hundred thousand dollars to enable Crosby to buy and operate a station like KMPX in the Los Angeles area and in November of 1967 free form radio began emanating from the basement of the Pasadena Presbyterian Church over KPPC.

All went well until early 1968 when Leon Crosby, who never really had a clear understanding of free form radio, began to feel that the station's success was completely due to him and that he could run it any way he wanted. He began rather arbitrarily censoring certain songs like "Goddamn the Pusher" by Steppenwolf from the air. He tried to turn members of the station's staff against one another with the intent of eventually replacing long haired freaks with straight admen and top forty disc jockeys. Further, with all of the station's financial success, Crosby was still paying station employees considerably less than they could have made working practically anywhere else. The final straw came when Crosby in a fit of paranoia forced Donahue's resignation.

Several days later the staff of KMPX met to form a union, the American Amalgamated Federation of International FM Workers of the World Limited and at three AM Sunday night March 15 the entire staff walked off the air. A crowd of several thousand listeners and a number of rock bands were waiting outside the station in a display of support. The next day the staff of KPPC joined the strike.

From the beginning the strike had total community support. Virtually every advertiser on both stations withdrew from the air to support the strike. Many artists such as Joan Baez, the Rolling Stones and most San Francisco groups either sent telegrams of support or requests to the station to stop playing their records while the strike was on. The requests of course were ignored.

Crosby hired scabs to cross the strikers' picket line (which was maintained twenty-four hours a day). The strikers, by remaining articulate and reasonable were able to talk virtually every scab (mostly straight college kids and general losers) off the job.

The strike continued for about 2½ months with Crosby vowing that he'd rather go broke than settle. The strikers lived on funds raised from Avalon and Fillmore Rock benefits and from the first U.S. showing of the Beatles' Magical Mystery Tour. Eventually the strike dissolved as the majority of the staff was hired to operate FM stations in San Francisco and Los Angeles belonging to the large radio chain, Metromedia. Free Form Radio was back on the air; this time with several plastic competitors, who failed to gain any substantial listenership.

The strike had the effect of making radio people in other cities aware of the possibilities of free form radio. Similar stations began popping up in Boston, Detroit, Seattle, Vancouver and numerous other places, each achieving the kind of success that the original KMPX had. Slicker, plastic "Underground" stations also began to flourish, but in any city where they were in competition with a more wide open free form station, the slicker station failed.

A particularly interesting example of the Free Form boom is the story of the FM station of a small conservative Lutheran liberal arts college in East Orange N.J. When hip people took over the station, WFMU, and began to do free form programming on a listener sponsored basis, the college administration were perplexed. The listener response was so enormously favorable that even the conservative college administration became enthusiastic. The station quickly built a huge listenership all over the New York area, even though many had to put up antennas in order to receive it. WFMU began to exert an enormous amount of influence on the programming of other stations as well as on the music scene in general. The station was responsible for the popularity of much previously unknown good music and further supplemented the work of WBAI as a real medium of communication for a New York hip community.

The appeal of the kind of stations I have been describing is far from limited. Unlike the more traditional listeners sponsored stations which, as good as they are, preach largely to the converted, the free form stations use a soft sell to introduce an alternative. The music programme rather than a hard rap provides the basis for new kinds of communication. Further by being involved in the commercial mass media arena the effect of these stations on the rest of the communications field is far more profound than earlier attempts at humanizing the media have been. This is not to say that listener sponsored stations and commercial free form stations are at odds. Both have quite different roles to play but they complement one another. Both are a part of the revolution in our culture and there is every indication that both forms will grow.

Larry Yurdin

Dinner For Four

Grape Country Cocktail
Indian Nut Roast with Mushroom Sauce
Green Rice
Pineapple Crush
Oat Peanut Butter Wafers
Grape Nut Cocktail.

1 cup cocanut milk
1 cup grape juice
1 tbs.honey
1 tsp.fresh lime

Mixed together, this serves about four.
It can be varied with a mixture of almond milk, soya milk, orange juice, or simmered juice from dates or figs.

Indian Nut Roast

1 1/2 cups of nut meats chopped
3 cups whole wheat bread crumbs
1/2 cup chopped parsley
1/2 cup chopped onions
2 cups chopped celery
2 eggs
2 tbs.soya oil
1 tsp. ground lemon peel
1 cup tomato juice
salt to taste

Mix ingredients together and place in a greased covered pan about five inches deep. Bake in a 350° oven until roast is tender. (Prick with a fork to test)

This roast is frequently served with a mushroom sauce, but it is delicious alone.

Mushroom Sauce

1/2 lb. cheddar cheese
any amt. of mushrooms
1 egg
salt to taste

Mix cheese and salt together in a sauce pan. Add mushrooms. Simmer over low heat until cheese has melted. Pour over roast or serve as a side dish. (If sauce does not seem thick enough after 5 minutes add a small amount of whole wheat flour or commercial flour, stirring continuously until desired thickness is achieved.

Green Rice.

2 cups cooked brown rice
1/4 cup cooked parsley
2 tbs. finely chopped nutmeats
Pinch of curry powder (add more to taste)
2 tbs. butter, margarine, nut butter, etc.
Salt to taste

Blend melted butter and curry powder, and stir with rice until mixed. Add green parsley, salt and nuts, and bake in a glass baking dish, for twenty minutes at 350° (or until greens are soft.

Oat Peanut Butter Wafers

1/2 cup honey
1 tbs. peanut butter (natural preferred)
2 tsp. peanut oil
1 1/2 cups oat flour
2 tsp. baking powder
almond flavor (optional)

Honey, peanut butter and oil are blended, and 1/4 cup of water added. To this, the oat flour with baking powder is added, with the almond flavor.

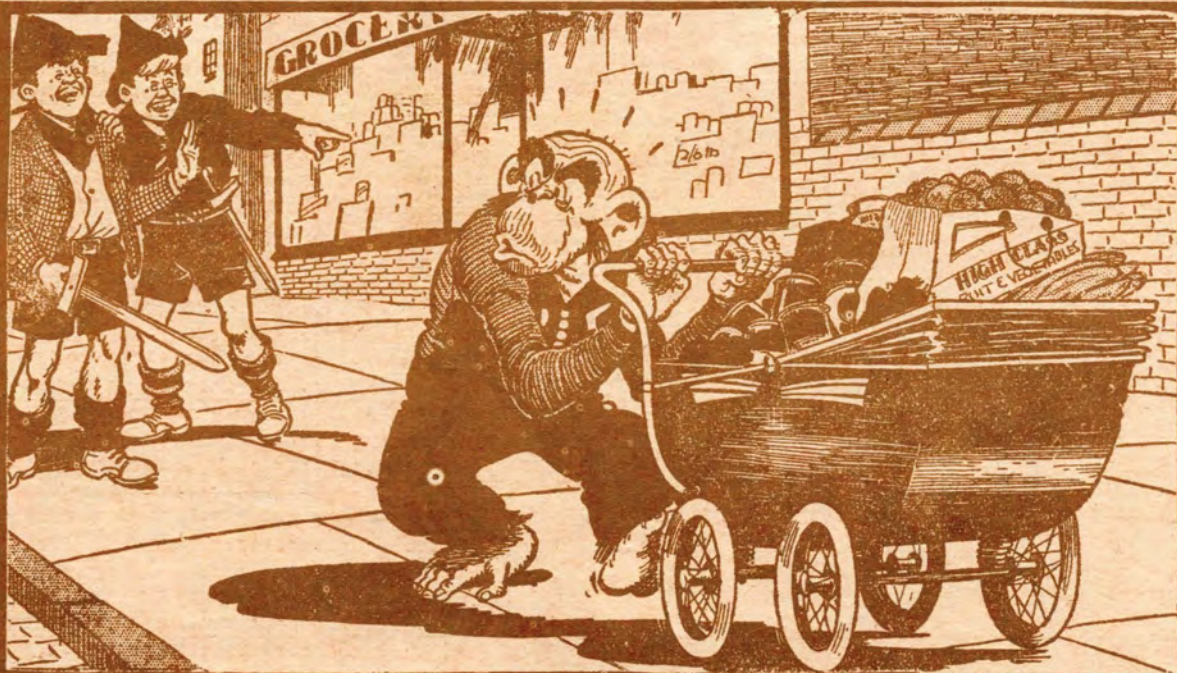
Drop from a tsp. onto a lightly oiled (peanut or soya) cookie sheet. Press each wafer down with the tines of a fork and bake at 400° until light brown.

Pineapple Crush

1/2 cup cream or yoghurt
1 ripe banana
1 cup shaved ice
1 cup pineapple juice

Crush banana well, add cream or yoghurt and ice. Then shake for one minute. Serve in small glasses or cups with a lemon slice or mint leaf.

Recipes by Rhonda Horan



A FOOD CO-OP IS OPERATED WITHOUT PROFIT THRU THE LOGOS OFFICE. BE WARY - IT MAY BREED A STRANGE FEELING OF HEALTH IN YOUR TIRED TATTERED CHROMES:::

FLOURS

wholewheat.....1b/14
buckwheat.....1b/25
rye.....1b/15
oat.....1b/17
soya.....1b/22
cornmeal.....1b/18
unbleached white.....1b/14
.....
oats, rolled.....1b/17
oats, steel cut.....1b/25
wheat germ.....1b/13
soya oil.....qt/90
reddi-to-eat cereal,...1b/42
currants.....1b/30
soya beans.....1b/12
pancake mix (buck/whole) 21b/50
raw sugar.....1b/10

BREAD

6-grain.....38
farmhouse.....35
wholewheat.....35
raisin.....30
egg.....25
french.....35
s.wheat.....38

brown rice.....1b/18
cracked wheat.....1b/15
cashews.....8oz/50
12 grain cereal.....21b/75

.....

845-2852

The Moon, Miller Moth, and Mother

You are what you eat, and what you eat you are... sometimes it seems that cancer is a capitalistic plot... country living only now becoming as it is rediscovered by smog-carrying, ecology-scratching products of 10¢ coffee and t.v. dinners... man lands on the moon, digs a hole in the ground, plunges a stainless steel duncan hines seal of approval into the surface and splits back to his ship, lifting 135 lbs. of rock along the way... back inside he sits and cracks open a container-pak of dehydrated, artificially flavored, pretend foods which he ingests, packing his central nervous system full of does-not-compute impulses... and he believes in the future of the world and the glory of colombia... and he believes in the future glory that is coming... and then he repeats "a step for man and a giant leap for mankind... his blank eyes short-circuiting, producing an empty echo that dances across the screen in the small section of the world rich enough to own t.v.'s and refrigerators full of chemically mis-directed karma..... B.H.

Tribal explosion No. 3 (Vol. 2) is the culmination of the total energy from Jean Itscool, Nathan the hustler, Aaron the Canadian dropout, Norman the Plum, Shannon (Narcissa's hubby), Andrew Sketchpad, Frank who came back, Frank who never left, Larry Lopside, Peter Piper, Eddy I think I got some film left in my camera, Bill Thistime we're gonna start early, Laird the Lip, Rhonnie Pigeon, Phyllis Monkey, Sarah typisto (oops), Trudy who studies us, le Baron Phillippe, Claire Outasite, and as usual a cast of thousands, with all due respect to Paul the Criminal.



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